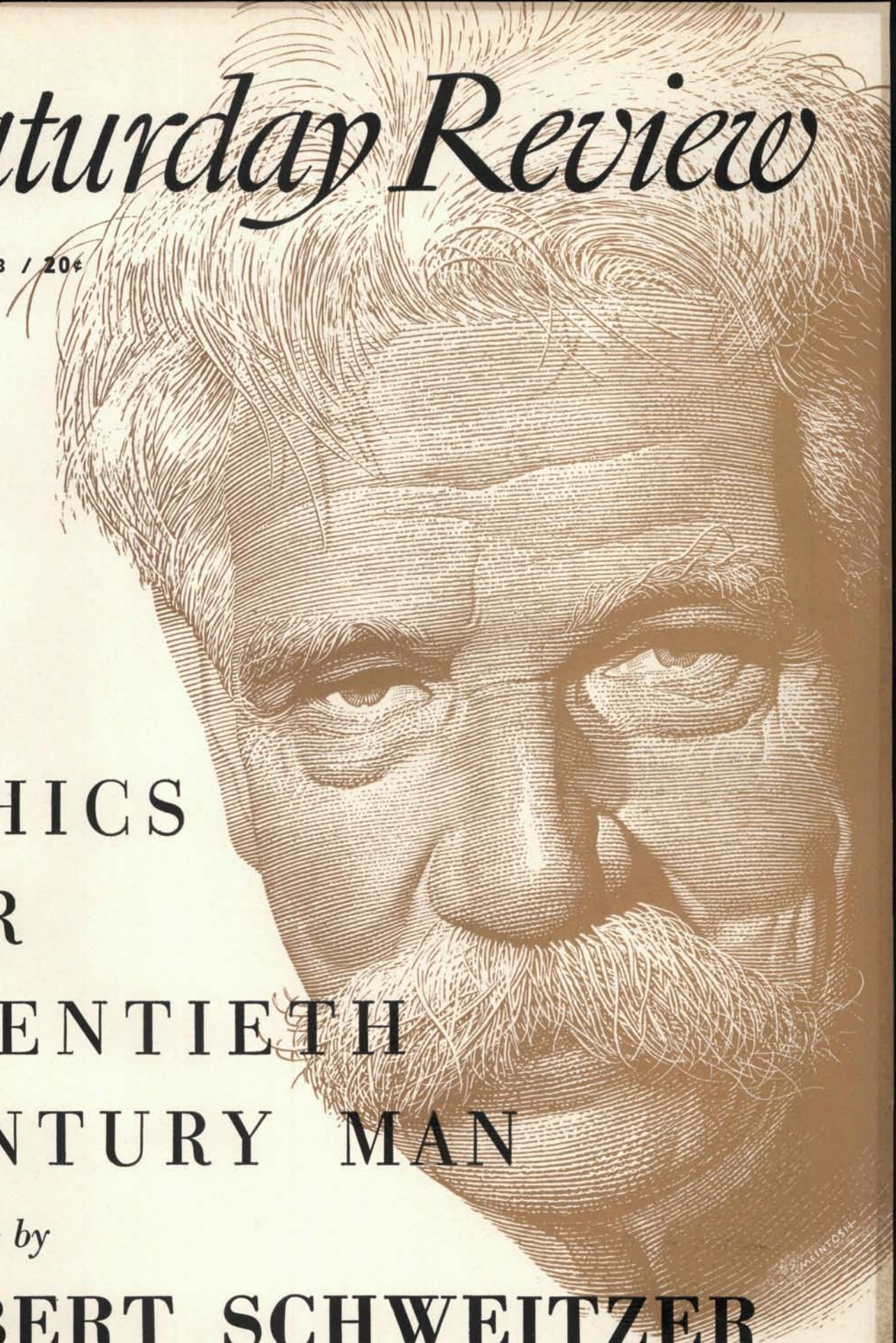
Saturday Review

JUNE 13, 1953 / 20¢



ETHICS FOR TWENTIETH CENTURY MAN

an article by

ALBERT SCHWEITZER

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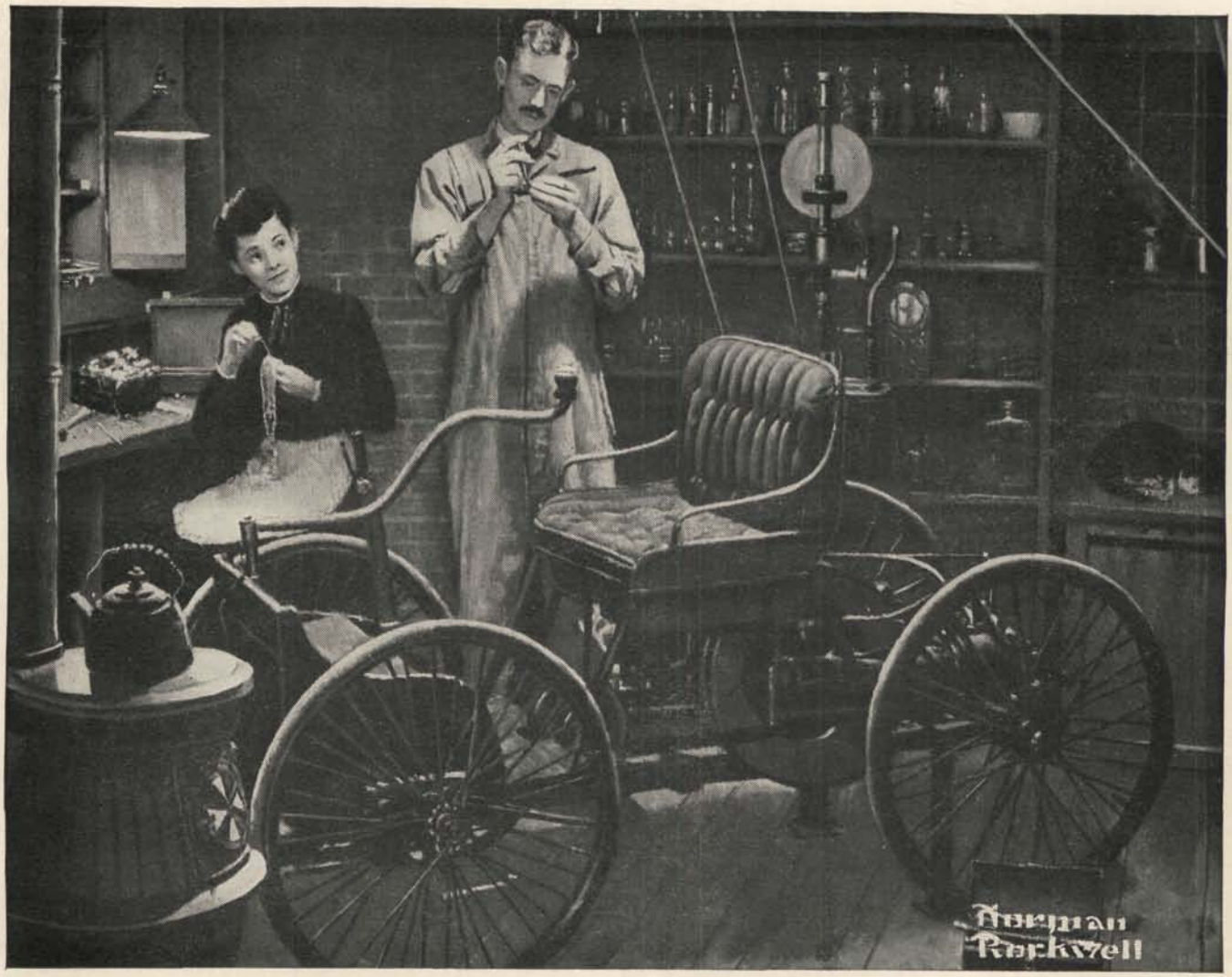

THE AMERICAN ROAD

The Revolution that started in a shed at night

Steam was really his first love. That was how he happened to set fire to the schoolyard fence.

For Henry Ford was passionately curious. Exactly how did steam make wheels go around? In a boyhood experiment he made a steam boiler from an old ten-gallon lard can, and fired up under it. No one was in school to hear the explosion—and the fence was soon repaired. His next experiment was in the village sawmill: how did the valve work? He caught his arm in a cylinder, and was two hours getting loose, but before he left he knew how the valve worked.

First he tried to make a farm locomotive, and then a steam road carriage. Then one day in 1891 he saw a little gasoline engine pumping soda water into pop-bottles. That night he told Mrs. Ford: "Clara, I want to build a gas engine that will do the work of a horse."

Two years later he was still at work, in a little shed behind his Bagley Avenue house. A friendly neighbor moved out his coalpile to give Henry more room. Clara watched, and darned socks.

He got four bicycle wheels. He made two cylinders from a steam engine's exhaust pipe. He put on a tiller, so it steered like a boat. He put a bicycle-saddle on top of the three-gallon fuel tank (the buggy seat came later when he could afford it).

On a wet dark May morning in 1896, at 2 a.m., he was ready. Then he couldn't get the car out of the shed. He seized an axe and knocked out enough bricks to make the first garage-door.

He trundled the car into the alley while Clara watched under an umbrella. The little car ran—clear around the block. One of the two cylinders went dead—but still the car ran. That first Ford is still running, and so are many of its 36,000,000 descendants.

The revolution of those wheels started one of the great revolutions in history. A dream had come true—transportation for everyone. The first Ford helped build the American Road.

The American Road is more than a stone river of rushing traffic. It symbolizes the power of our way of life, endlessly serving all mankind. The Ford Motor Company, celebrating its Fiftieth Anniversary this year, is pledged to the ideals of the American Road.

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The Saturday Review

JUNE 13, 1953

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An American traveler came recently to a Sakai village in Malaya. The Sakai are aborigines noted for their marksmanship with blowpipes. Using poisoned arrows, they can knock a monkey out of a tree, or kill a wild pig or tiger.

¶ To show the American their skill they set up in a tree fifty feet away a target the size of a kerosene tin lid. One after another they shot, and one after another they missed. Not one, in fact, came within three feet of the target.

¶ The traveler was Justice William O. Douglas, and the incident, whose denouement is a refreshing change from the usual travel report, appears in his latest book, "North From Malaya."

¶ In his previous books Justice Douglas has shown that he is one of our most sensitive travel writers. His new book tells of his trip to key spots in Southeast Asia, places where the crucial battle against communism is being fought.

¶ One of the appeals of Justice Douglas's books comes from the unique personal touches, such as the blowpipe fiasco. In "North From Malaya" his subjects range from straightening out Kipling's geography on the road to Mandalay to an account of his own involuntary participation in a rifle skirmish in Vietnam.

¶ The movies have talked a lot about 3-D. Justice Douglas reminds us what readers have always known: that a good writer doesn't require polarized glasses for a full-dimensional effect, and that with a book like "North From Malaya" you don't even have to leave the house to feel as if you were actually in Asia.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"North From Malaya," by Justice William O. Douglas, has just been published by Doubleday & Company of 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Like his other recent book, "Beyond the High Himalayas," it is available at all booksellers.

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Good News

▶ Ten-year-old Johnnie Ritch of Bremerton, Washington, collected 1,325 pairs of good, used shoes to be sent to needy Koreans in response to a contest sponsored by a local shoe store. All together more than 10,000 pairs were collected. Johnnie won a shiny, new bicycle, but commented, "I'd like to give the bicycle to those poor people, too."

▶ Former U.N. Secretary General Trygve Lie ended his stormy seven-year tenure as administrative head of the United Nations with a word of hope. Addressing a dinner in his honor, as he received the first annual peace award of the World Veterans' Federation, an organization of 16,000,000 war veterans in nineteen countries, Mr. Lie said, "The U.N. provides a real test of the capacity of our civilization to survive. . . .We must go on building a stronger United Nations system of collective security. As we do so I hope we shall find that the danger of a third world war will diminish and that the opportunities for finding workable and realistic bases for peace will increase."

▶ First announcement has been made of a plan to start a new Central African University on a multi-racial basis of complete academic equality providing for all Africans an opportunity to enjoy a standard of education equivalent to that offered by British universities.

▶ In Durban, South Africa, Edward Dunn, municipal director of music, was conducting a rehearsal of Durban's fifty-man symphony orchestra, when he sensed a disturbance in the empty hall, and turned to find a small girl standing in the aisle. "What do you want, little girl?" he asked. "Please play 'Jingle Bells,' " she said. Without batting an eye Dunn rose to the occasion, turned, rapped for attention—"Jingle Bells," he said. All fifty musicians rendered a spirited and exciting version of the familiar tune. After the final flourish, Dunn turned to meet the applause of two small hands, and bowed his lowest bow. Satisfied, the child left the hall, and the orchestra resumed rehearsal.

▶ In Turkey, 620 new primary schools have been opened recently, raising the school registration to more than one and a half million students. The government has organized special conferences, films shows, and radio broadcasts as part of its current rural educational program.

—Donald Harrington.

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TRADE Winds

THIS IS THE TIME of year when Americans who live abroad begin receiving hearty letters from long-forgotten friends at home, bearing the frightening tidings that they are about to come over and will appreciate a little hospitality and guidance upon arrival. Art Buchwald, author of the popular "Europe's Lighter Side" column in the *Herald Tribune*, makes his home in Paris, so he's suffered repeatedly from this visitation. Suffered, that is, until he devised an answering form letter that once again has cleared his horizon and left him free as a bird. Here, in brief, is about how it goes:

Dear Mary:
We're thrilled to hear that you're headed for Europe this summer, and would love to have you stay with us. Of course, we have no bath, but there's one just around the corner, and we know you'll get a kick out of padding round to it. Bring the children by all means. There hasn't been much polio this year, though the doctors say it may get serious just about the time you're due.

John is fine, but his business is bad. As a matter of fact, he rather hopes your husband will tide him over with a loan, but all that can wait till you arrive.

Forget about war. You have nothing to worry about unless, of course, something happens in Berlin, Persia, Turkey, Greece, or Vienna, or the Arabs in Tunisia decide to attack France. And if there are any Communist uprisings in Paris, we have extra clubs and brass knuckles to loan you.

Don't bring too much money. You can buy an excellent dinner

these days in Paris for $150, and it's just plain silly for you to spend a fortune on us.

Stay two full days at least with us, even if Italy and France are more exciting, and everybody of importance will be in London for the Coronation.

Let us know your plans—and incidentally, if you really want to thrill our youngster, bring her an electric hobby horse on the plane. They're hard to get here. If it's too much trouble, forget it—but she's not at her best when she's disappointed.

Love from us all.

RUTH

BUCHWALD WAS SO ENCOURAGED by the sweeping success of his first form letter that he promptly devised a second, intended for friends in the States who were referring *their* friends to him. This is it:

Dear Boris and Katie:
What fun to get your note, after not hearing from you for five years, telling us about your

pals the Snickerbaums who are coming to Paris next month. Needless to say, we'll turn ourselves inside out for them.

Incidentally, some friends of *ours*, the Duponts, are leaving for New York this week and we've taken the liberty of asking them to look *you* up. You'll love them! Unfortunately, none of them speaks a word of English, but we know you'll be perfect interpreters. They'd like a suite at the Waldorf, preferably on the Park Avenue side, and we're counting on you getting it for them for not more than $4 a day. They'll have nothing but francs, of course, but you'll know where they can change them for more dollars than the official rate.

The Duponts have expressed a desire to eat meals at "21," Pavillon, Shor's, Copacabana, and the Stork, but, of course, they don't want to go where all the other tourists flock. They want to see where the average, *real* New Yorker dines. I'm sure, too, you'll show them such nearby points of interest as Atlantic City, Boston, Niagara Falls, and the White House.

You'll thank us for steering the Duponts your way. And you'll be *mad* about their six children.

Love.

ARTIE

IF ART BUCHWALD thinks European residents have a tough time warding off total strangers who barge in on

NOTES from CALIFORNIA

Sometimes, when we publish a new book in a field of broad public interest, we like to add up our list of recent books in that field to assess the cumulative effect and to see what we have to offer the interested reader.

THE RISE AND SPLENDOUR OF THE CHINESE EMPIRE ($6.00), just published, is to the best of our knowledge the only general history of ancient China now in print. This is the story of an entire civilization. Its author, the late René Grousset, was a man of immense learning but he writes in a deceptively simple style. He has an eye for the essential characteristics and for the artistic and human values in history. The reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement* called the book a "masterly analysis of the strength and weakness of the Chinese people as revealed in their history." 16 plates.

A HISTORY OF CHINA ($4.50), by Wolfram Eberhard, is written from a different point of view, that of a sociologist. This more formal history covers a longer period, from the earliest times through World War II, with less emphasis on literature and art. 1950. 17 plates.

CHINA ($6.50), edited by the late Harley Farnsworth MacNair, is a volume in the United Nations Series. Like others in the series, it is a comprehensive symposium by a number of distinguished scholars, on the history, the philosophy and religion, the economic and political development, and the culture of a modern nation. 1946.

A different sort of book is HAN TOMB ART OF WEST CHINA ($8.50). The authors, Richard C. Rudolph and Wen Yu, collected a hundred rubbings or ink squeezes of bas-reliefs from the Later Han dynasty (A.D. 25–220) in Szechwan. This method of reproducing these bas-reliefs, most of which are in nearly inaccessible tombs, has been used by the Chinese for centuries and gives a full-scale facsimile of the original. They are here reproduced by collotype on a 9 x 12 page. Beautiful as art and useful as cultural history. 1951.

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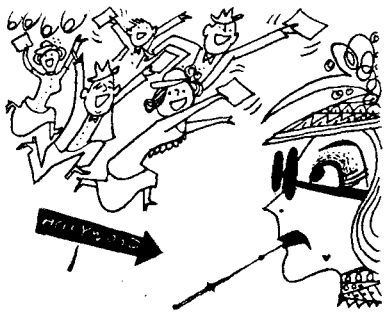
them with stereotyped letters of introduction from people they often don't know very much better, he may console himself by reflecting that with important producers and movie stars in Hollywood it's ten times worse. Tourists who are otherwise reasonably well-mannered and considerate think nothing of asking mere acquaintances to arm them with such notes just to be able to tell their neighbors upon their return, "Well, of course, we had tea at Betty Grable's house, and, my dears, you just ought to see. . . ."

Persons armed with these requests deserve to be told off in no uncertain terms. Unless they have something



distinctly in common with the celebrities whose privacy they long so to invade—unless the meeting has some prospect of being mutually rewarding and satisfactory—they are way out of bounds—and probably know it. One way to stop the whole aggravating business might be to say, "Yes, we can give you a note of introduction to Ginger Rogers—but she's asked us to tell you that the charge for her time is a check for two hundred dollars to the Home for Aged Actors—payable in advance." Can't you just hear the peace and quiet returning to Beverly Hills?

PROFESSOR MOSS HART'S "Klobber System" for dealing with recalcitrant children, as outlined in this column some weeks back, has elicited a flood of comments—preponderantly approving—and *Coronet* magazine has even bought the Professor's permission to reprint his letter in a future issue. It was Klobber's theory, you will recall, that a good swat on a vulnerable spot was worth a half hour of reasoning and cajoling. "Wonderful idea," enthused a Mr. Sherman, prominent Madison Avenue apothecary. "Since I have no children, I tried the Klobber System on my wife. Excuse the shaky handwriting. I am writing this with my left hand, since my right one is now in a sling."

On the other hand, Dimetrius Bravo wired, "You, Hart, and Klobber ought to be shot. You're ruining my business." Dr. Bravo is a child psychiatrist.

J. Donald Adams writes, "The Klobber method was successfully employed by a famous novelist in Wyoming when an equally famous literary critic brought his son around for a visit some years ago. The son was warned that it was dangerous to go inside the corral. 'Some of those horses are pretty ornery, and you may get hurt,' he was told. 'Nuts,' was the answer of this perfect product of super-education, and twice he disobeyed the edict. The third time he did it the author abandoned eloquence.

"He grabbed the kid by the shoulders, shook him till his teeth rattled, and hollered, 'If I catch you inside that corral once more, you little blank blank, I'll break every blank blank bone in your blank blank body.' For the remainder of his stay, that boy was a model of deportment: courteous, cooperative—and careful."

"How," inquires Wade Parkington, "can you apply the Klobber method if the little monsters you've nurtured are stronger than you are?" Possibly Mr. Parkington's offspring attended the primary school that was described by one student as "a place where they teach kids who hit not to hit, and kids who don't hit to hit back."

And Joe Harrington writes from Boston that a neighbor worked him-

A bide 5 lo!

Who said it, though?
Not Preacher Roe—
Nor Ziegfeld (Flo)—
Nor Phoebe Snow . . .

No!

It's an untranslatable cry of woe
*That The Maniac (please see below)**
Records for passers to and fro
When its 1-times-1 and its 0-times-0
Go off the beam (as they sometimes go).

So there you are—and whaddaya know!
A machine-made oath—

A bide 5 lo!

*The Maniac is a famous electronic brain. "A bide 5 lo"—an oath which defies translation—appears on the "brain's" outgoing tape every time something goes wrong.

The Maniac figures prominently in the discussion of brains and thoughts in the plain man's guide to modern biology—

Mr Tompkins Learns the Facts of Life

by G. GAMOW *At all bookstores, illustrated* $2.75

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self up into such a pitch over the Klobber System he marched over to the Old Corner Bookstore and bought himself a copy of a book he had seen advertised, called "Whaling Wives,"

by Henry Hough and Emma Whiting. To his disgust, however, it proved merely to be an account of the spouses of whaling captains who accompanied them on their voyages, so he marched right back with it to the Old Corner Bookstore again.

ABEL GREEN'S *VARIETY* is authority for the story that Richard Conte, assigned to play the role of a reporter in an up-coming film, ran off a flock of old newspaper films to guide his portrayal, and came up with the following set of rules which he has pasted on his dressing-room wall as a constant reminder:

1. No cigarette dangling from right side of lower lip.
2. No hat perched far back on head.
3. No loosened collar, and tie pulled far to one side.
4. No worn trench coat with turned-up collar.
5. No press card tucked in hat band.
6. No using of any of these phrases: "Stop the presses!"; "I have a scoop"; "Here's your headline!"; "Gimme rewrite"; "Tear out the front page!"

The question now is how Richard Conte—or you or you—would depict—or not depict—a successful novelist. Suggestions are invited.

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1002)

ALMA ROBISON HIGBEE:
MAN AND BOY

The wide field lay in corduroyed rows,
As man and tractor laid the furrows down.
The small boy on the seat before his dad
Was cut in the same pattern, lean and brown . . .
The wee son turned the shining future up,
His father plowed the green past under.

Princeton
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PRESS

The Diplomats, 1919-1939

Edited by GORDON CRAIG and FELIX GILBERT. This diplomatic history of the 20 interwar years is the first book to examine that period through the eyes of the men entrusted with the negotiations in the capitals of a darkening world. The distinguished contributors cover 30 of the most important diplomats of the time, including Curzon, Austen Chamberlain, Neurath, Ribbentrop, Benes, Kemal, Mussolini, Grandi, Chicherin, Kellogg, Hughes, Litvinov, Ciano, Matsuoka, Bullitt, and Kennedy.
720 pages, illustrated, $9.00

Dante's Drama of the Mind

A MODERN READING OF THE PURGATORIO

By FRANCIS FERGUSSON, author of THE IDEA OF A THEATRE. *The individual insights employed in this reading of Dante are those of a 20th century mind, as are the author's references – Eliot, James, Maritain, Richards, and many others. Avoiding the pitfalls of traditional Dantean scholarship, Mr. Fergusson reveals the drama of the order of Dante's vision, the developed form of the poetry, and the meaning of the canticle for modern man.* *242 pages, $4.00*

Cardano, the Gambling Scholar

By OYSTEIN ORE. Cardano, next to Vesalius the greatest physician of his day, was also a devoted gambler whose mathematical genius enabled him to devise simple rules of probability for his own benefit and for his gambling contemporaries.

In this biography, Cardano's gambling studies are deciphered for the first time, and a complete translation of the BOOK ON GAMES OF CHANCE *is appended.*

Oystein Ore is Sterling Professor of Mathematics at Yale.
264 pages, illustrated, $4.00

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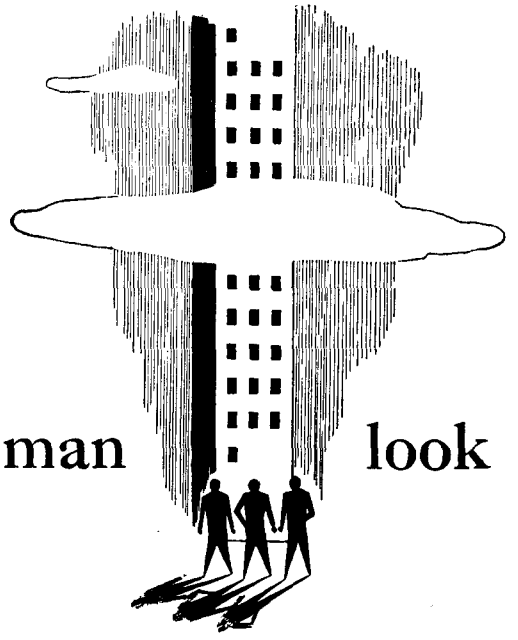
It is difficult to write a definition of the American way. But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



The three-man look

We've always liked the story of the building so tall it took three men, each looking where the other left off, to see the top of it.

This tall story is now true, instead of whimsical. There are projects afoot in the United States today so complex and vast that 10,000 scientists and engineers of different talents would be useful as a task force "to see to the top of them."

One project of this complexity is atomic energy —or, if you prefer, the atomic bomb. Was it a chemical problem? Or electrical? Or a physics problem? Or mathematical? Did it call for exploration in metallurgy, thermodynamics, radiation, electronics, or what? All were involved. More likely, fifty subdivisions of knowledge needed exploring.

No single mind, no matter how many degrees after his name, knew one tenth of the total answer the nation now has in its hands. No single explorer ferreted out the answer. An integrated task force of thousands contributed specialized thinking, bit by bit.

Even so apparently simple a thing as the electric lamp was brought to brilliance by a parade of names. Edison, Coolidge and Langmuir supplied the shoulders other men stood on to see further.

Developing jet engines, million-volt x rays, steam turbines, gas turbines, fluorescent lamps, motors, refrigerators enlisted first a troop, then a regiment, then an army of diversified research and engineering skills at General Electric.

Teams are now exploring germanium (and its transistor children), cyclotrons, silicones, computers, or such defense assignments as electronic gunfire controls, atomic submarine propulsion, plutonium production, guided missiles.

Today, out of General Electric's 226,000 employees, one in twenty is an engineer. The new products you see are both the *cause* and *effect* of this engineering force.

You can put your confidence in—

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The Saturday Review | JUNE 13, 1953

The Problem of Ethics For Twentieth Century Man

By Albert Schweitzer

THE problem of ethics in the evolution of human thought cannot of course be dealt with exhaustively within the scope of the present article. By singling out the main features of this evolution, however, we can perhaps appreciate all the more clearly the nature of the role which ethics has played in the history of man's thinking.

What we call "ethics" and "morality"—which are terms borrowed from the Greek and the Latin respectively—may be broadly defined as our good behavior toward ourselves and other beings. We feel the obligation to concern ourselves not solely with our own well-being, but also with that of others and of human society. It is in the notion of the scope of this solidarity with others that the first evolution to be observed in the development of ethics occurs.

For the primitive the circle of solidarity is restricted. It is limited to those whom he can consider as in some way related to him by consanguinity, that is to say, to the members of his tribe, which he regards as a larger family. I speak from experience. In my hospital I have primitives. When I have occasion to ask a patient of this category to render some small services to a bedridden fellow-patient, he will oblige only if the latter belongs to his tribe. If this is not the case, he will reply quite candidly, "This not brother for me." No amount of persuasion and no kind of threat will budge him from his refusal to do that unimaginable thing: putting himself out for a stranger. I am the one who has to give in.

However, as man begins to reflect upon himself and his behavior toward others, he comes to realize that man as such is his fellow and his neighbor. In the course of a long evolutionary process he sees the circle of his responsibilities widen until it includes all the human beings with whom he has any association.

This clearer knowledge of ethics was achieved by the Chinese thinkers—Lao Tse, born in 604 B.C., Kung Tsu (Confucius), 551-479 B.C., Meng Tsu, 372-289 B.C., and Chuang Tsu, in the fourth century B.C.—and by the Hebrew prophets Amos, Hosea, and Isaiah of the eighth century B.C. The idea enounced by Jesus and Saint Paul that man owes himself to every human being is an integral part of Christian ethics.

For the great thinkers of India, whether they belong to Brahmanism, to Buddhism, or to Hinduism, the idea of brotherhood of all human beings is contained in their metaphysical notion of existence. But they encounter difficulties in incorporating it in their ethics. They are unable, in fact, to abolish the dividing walls between men erected by the existence of different castes and sanctioned by tradition. Zoroaster, who lived in the seventh century B.C., was prevented from arriving at the notion of the brotherhood of men because he had to make the distinction between those who believed in Ormuzd, the god of light and good, whom he heralded, and the unbelievers who remained under the sway of demons. He required believers, fighting for the coming of the reign of Ormuzd, to consider unbelievers as enemies and to treat them accordingly. To understand this position one must remember that the believers were the tribes of Bactrians who had become sedentary and aspired to live as honest and peaceful tillers of the soil, and that the unbelievers were the tribes which had remained nomadic, inhabiting the desert regions and living by pillage.

PLATO and Aristotle, and with them the other thinkers of the classic period of Greek philosophy, consider only the Greek human being—a free man who is not under the necessity of earning his livelihood. Those who do not belong to this aristocracy are regarded by them as men of inferior quality in whom one need not be interested.

It was only in the course of the second period of Greek thought, that of the simultaneous flowering of stoicism and epicureanism, that the idea of the equality of men and of the interest attaching to the human being as such was recognized by the representatives of the two schools. The most remarkable proponent of this new conception is the Stoic Panaetius, who lived in the second century (180-110 B.C.). He is the prophet of humanism. The idea of the brotherhood of men does not become popular in

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antiquity. But the fact that philosophy should have proclaimed it as a conception dictated by reason is of great importance for its future.

It must be admitted, however, that the idea that the human being as such has a right to our interest has never enjoyed the full authority to which it might lay claim. Until our day it has been and continues to be constantly compromised by the importance assumed by differences of race, of religious belief, of nationality which cause us to regard our fellow-being as a stranger to whom we owe only indifference, if not contempt.

ON undertaking to analyze the development of ethics one is led to give one's attention to the influence exerted upon ethics by the particular conception of the world to which it is related. There is, in fact, a fundamental difference between these various conceptions.

The difference stems from the manner in which the world itself is appraised. Some view it as inviting an affirmative attitude, which means interesting oneself in the things of this world and in the life we lead in it. Others, on the contrary, advocate an extraordinary negative attitude. They recommend that we dissociate ourselves from everything which concerns the world, including the existence which is ours upon this earth.

Affirmation is in conformity with our natural feeling; negation is opposed to it. Affirmation invites us to make a place for ourselves in the world and to engage in action; negation commits us to live in it as strangers and to choose non-activity.

Ethics, by its very nature, is linked to the affirmation of the world. It is a response to the need to be active in order to serve the idea of good. It follows from this that the affirmation of the world favorably influences the development of ethics and that negation, on the contrary, impedes it. In the former case ethics can offer itself for what it is; in the latter it must relinquish its claims.

THE negation of the world is professed by the thinkers of India and by the Christianity of antiquity and of the Middle Ages; affirmation by the Chinese thinkers, the Hebrew prophets, Zoroaster, and European thinkers of the Renaissance and of modern times.

Among the thinkers of India this negative conception of the world is the consequence of their conviction that true existence is immaterial, immutable, and eternal, and that the existence of the material world is unreal, deceptive, and transitory. The world which we are pleased to consider as real is for them but a mirage of the immaterial world in time and in space. It is wrong for man to interest himself in this phantasmagoria and in the role he plays in it. The only behavior compatible with a true knowledge of the nature of existence is non-activity. In a certain measure non-activity has an ethical character. In detaching himself from the things of this world man renounces the egoism which material interests and vulgar appetite inspire in him. Moreover, non-activity means non-violence. It preserves man from the danger of doing harm to others by acts of violence.

The philosophers of Brahmanism, of Sankhya, of Jainism, like Buddha, exalt non-violence, which they call "ahimsa" and which they consider the sublime ethics. Nevertheless, it is imperfect and incomplete. It allows man the egoism of devoting himself entirely to the salvation which he hopes to gain by leading a kind of life which conforms to the true knowledge of the nature of existence; it does not command him in the name of compassion, but in the name of metaphysical theories; it demands only abstention from evil and not the activity which is inspired by the notion of good. Only the ethics which is allied to the affirmation of the world can be natural and complete. If, then, the ethics of the philosophers of India should venture to yield to the promptings of a more generous ethics than that of ahimsa, it will be able to do so only by making concessions to the affirmation of the world and to the principle of activity. Buddha, who takes a stand against the coldness of the Brahman doctrine by preaching pity, has difficulty in resisting the temptation of emancipating himself from the principle of non-activity. He succumbs to it more than once, unable to help committing acts of charity or recommending them to his disciples. Under the cover of ethics the affirmation of the world wages a hidden struggle in India through the centuries against the principle of non-activity. In Hinduism, which is a religious reaction from the exigencies of Brahmanism, this affirmation succeeds in making itself recognized as the equal of non-activity. The understanding between them is proclaimed and specified in the Bhagavad-Gita, a didactic poem incorporated in the great epic of the Mahabharata.

THE Bhagavad-Gita admits Brahmanism's conception of the world. It recognizes that the material world has only a deceptive reality and cannot lay claim to our interest. It is only a diverting show to which God treats himself. Man may, therefore, with good reason believe himself to be entitled to take part in this spectacle only in the capacity of a spectator. But by the same token he has the right to consider himself called upon to play his role as an actor in the play. Activity is thus justified by the spirit in which it operates. The man who practises it with the sole intention of fulfilling the will of God pursues the truth, even as does he who chooses non-activity. On the other hand, ingenuous activity, which interests itself in this unreal world and undertakes to carry out in it any purpose whatever, is wrong and cannot be justified.

This theory which legitimizes activity by a logic resting on the idea that the world is but a show staged by God for his own enjoyment can in no way give satisfaction to true

Honesty

By M. Chadbourne

THEY call it honesty, this will to bare
The double faces of my wrongs and rights
The brunt of darkness and my second sights;
It is the will that leads from here to there.
They see me stript, they wonder that I dare
Challenge the graves, look down upon the heights
Doubt my own dawns and voice the fainting nights;
It is the spirit wheeling on its prayer.

With every telling driven from the told
With every song a further silence won
I journey toward the light of where I stand.
Give me a distance lost to head and hand
A clarity too open to unfold
And I will sing an earth around that sun.

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ethics, to that ethics which asserts the need to be active. The theory, nevertheless, enabled ethics to maintain itself in the Indies at a period when its existence was threatened by Brahmanism.

In our day the philosophers of India make great concessions to the principle of activity by invoking the fact that it is to be found also in the Upanishads. This is correct. The explanation is that the Aryans of India, in ancient times, as the Veda hymns tell us, led an existence filled with a naive joy of living. The Brahman doctrine of the negation of the world makes its appearance, alongside of the affirmation, only in the Upanishads, sacred texts belonging to the beginning of the first millennium before Christ.

THE Christianity of antiquity and of the Middle Ages professes the negation of the world, without however drawing from it the conclusion of non-activity. This peculiarity stems from the fact that its negation of the world is of a different nature from that of the philosophers of India. According to its doctrine the world in which we live is not a phantasmagoria, but an imperfect world, destined to be transformed into the perfect world of the Kingdom of God. The idea of the Kingdom of God was created by the Hebrew prophets of the eighth century B.C. It is this idea also which is at the center of the religion of Zoroaster in the seventh century.

Jesus announced the imminence of the transformation of the material world into the world of the Kingdom of God. He exhorted men to seek the perfection required for participation in the new existence in the new world. He asked man to detach himself from the things of this world in order to occupy himself solely with the practice of good. He allowed him to hold aloof from the world, but not from his duties toward men. In his ethics activity preserves all its rights and all its obligations. Herein is where it differs from that of Buddha, with which it has in common the idea of compassion. Because it is animated by the spirit of activity the ethics of Christianity maintains an affinity with affirmation of the world.

The transformation of the world into that of the Kingdom of God, which the first Christians regarded as near at hand, did not take place. During antiquity and the Middle Ages Christianity thus remains in the situation of having to despair of this world, without the hope of seeing the coming of the other—the hope which had sustained the first Christians. It would have been natural for

(*Continued on page 46*)

—*Photos from "Prophet in the Wilderness" (Macmillan).*

In the Schweitzer hospital ". . . death strikes swiftly in Lambarene."

Death at Lambarene

By DOUGLAS V. STEERE

DEATH strikes swiftly in Lambarene in the heart of French Equatorial Africa. The day that I arrived in Lambarene, to pay another visit to Dr. Albert Schweitzer at the hospital there, I was met on the shore by a group of the community who, after the usual warm welcome, explained to me that a great sadness was on their hearts. A young Hungarian architect, who when I was here last spring had been working at a variety of jobs where he was needed, had been stricken the day before with a high fever, had lapsed into a coma, and in twenty-four hours was dead.

A swift burial is imperative in this country and Dr. Schweitzer had already gone to the little Protestant Mission station two miles down the river to attend to the matter of getting the grave dug. It is a hard job to dig a grave in three hours and that was all the time that remained before darkness, so that Dr. Schweitzer, in spite of his seventy-eight years, felt he should be on hand to see that the African workmen finished the task on time.

Under my room in the small carpenter shop I heard sawing and hammering and I went down to see the carpenters, with whom I had worked the previous May. After greetings they pointed to their work, a simple coffin to clothe the body of their friend who had departed so suddenly. They too were sad, but they seemed to accept this swiftness, for they are used to living with death. Less than half of their children that are born live to maturity. A man at forty is already old and past his allotted span. Matthew, the head carpenter, carefully filed the edges of the coffin to make it as finished to the eye as was possible in a plain wooden box that had been put together in a few hours.

At breakfast the next morning I was told that the time of the funeral would depend upon the weather. It is the rainy season now and if it looked as though we should have a clear hour about ten I would be called to the boat that would take us to the Mission cemetery. At half-past nine the call came and the little staff assembled outside one of the barracks of the hospital. With bared heads we stood as six Africans tenderly carried the handleless coffin down the path to the water's edge. Many from the hospital lined the way as we walked to the boat. Some crossed themselves. Others bowed their heads. Some murmured in their own language.

THERE was a simple open boat on which the coffin was loaded and, after the African rowers had gotten the

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boat well out into the current, Dr. Emeric Percy, the Hungarian surgeon who was the cousin of the young man and for whom the loss was greatest of all, started the little outboard motor and guided the boat downstream. The rest of us got into the motor launch that the Government had sent for our use, Albert Schweitzer climbing in last of all. He carried his Bible, an order or service written on the back of an air-mail envelope, and his jacket. Few words were spoken as we moved along parallel with the funeral boat. As we approached the Mission station the motor on our launch gave out and Albert Schweitzer took the wheel until the engine was finally started again. Before we landed he put on his black bow tie and his jacket and it was as pastor that he stepped out of the launch ready to take the service.

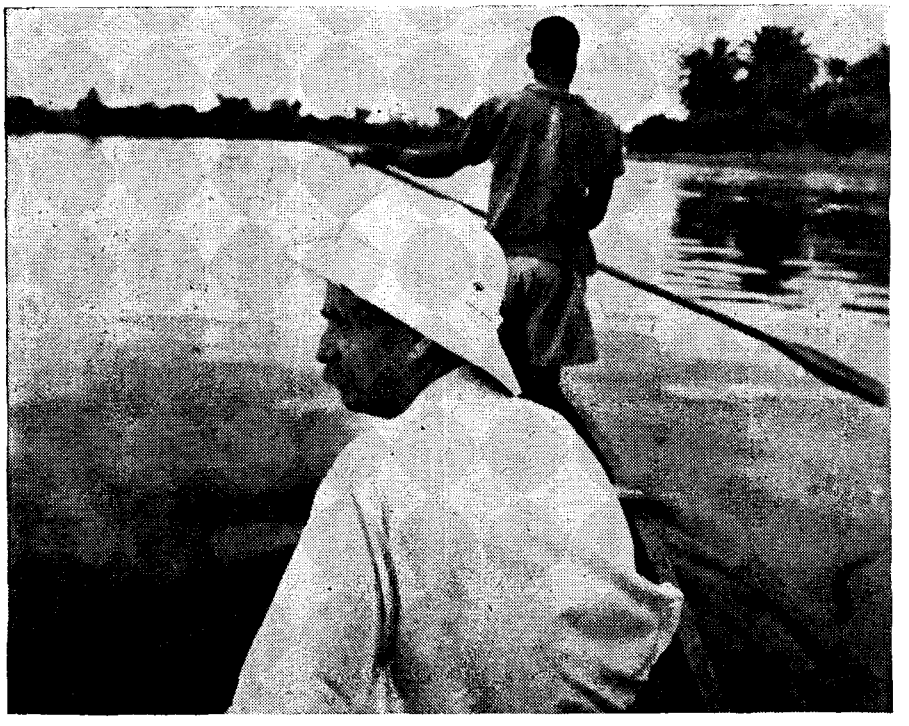
ONCE again the coffin was carried along the hilly path, with the little company following. The grave was open. The soft yellow earth made a huge mound at the side of it. Two timbers were laid across the mouth of the grave and the coffin was placed out on them over the opening. Then there was a long work in which several Africans engaged in getting a bark rope untangled, and this was finally placed under each end of the coffin and the men held it and braced themselves. Now the timbers were removed and the coffin was let down slowly into place on some timbers that had been first laid in the grave. The service was then ready to begin. Albert Schweitzer announced a hymn and in faltering voices, without any accompaniment, those present sang it from the little gray-covered books that had been supplied. The Mission schoolchildren had now gathered and many of the Mission's African staff and neighbors stood in the background.

Albert Schweitzer opened his Bible and read words, as he said, of the promises and the hope of eternal life which the New Testament contained. He began with the Beatitudes: "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." Then he turned to the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians, which speaks of the body and of its resurrection: "So also the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality . . . O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Albert Schweitzer closed his Bible and took off his glasses and looked out over the little company as he began to tell about the life of the departed friend. He was born in Hungary thirty-one years ago. He was trained as an architect and worked at it until he was exiled from his country by the new regime there. He had gone from Europe to South America but there he was stricken with such a homesickness for his native land and people that he felt he must be near some of his kin, and on the invitation of the Percys he had crossed to Africa and been here in the hospital for over two years serving faithfully at any task that needed doing. He was on the point of going to America. His papers were in order, his passage was engaged, his bags packed, and all plans made when he had been called to make a journey which he had not expected.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER moved to the side of the grave where the mound of earth lay heaped and throwing three handfuls of earth on the wooden coffin he committed the body to the earth from which it had come and to which now it must go, and he committed the soul to the mercy of God, and taking a fourth handful of earth he dropped it on the others and stepped back to the head of the grave. His furrowed cheeks and brows seemed to open and with a look of great compassion he faced the company of mourners and said the Lord's Prayer. Then each of us walked past the mound and dropped three handfuls of earth on the coffin and one of the company dropped a little bunch of flowers she had gathered near the hospital. We sang a closing hymn and filed silently back to the boat. Albert Schweitzer remained, and my last look at the steep hillside cemetery saw his tall stooped figure standing directing the shoveling in of the earth.

We returned by boat and later that afternoon, as I sat on the edge of Dr. Schweitzer's bed while he was resting, he assured me that this simple funeral service was had by all who died here. They knew what it was and what they could expect, and it was a comfort to them, he explained to me. At the hospital life moved on. The doctors went back to examining the endless line of sufferers who are always waiting for help. The nurses took up their posts again. The young American doctor trudged up the hill to the leper colonies to go on with the injections. Dr. Schweitzer directed the preparation of cement block for the projected pharmacy at the leper colony. The line between life and death seems a thin one at Lambarene. But in its company Christian hope and Christian service mingle to rob it of its fear.



Dr. Schweitzer on the river—"Christian hope rob(s) it of its fear."

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Polemic Against Monotony

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

Mr. Schlesinger, associate professor of history at Harvard and author of "The Vital Center," reviews ***Sidney Hook's*** *provocative book on Communism in the colleges,* ***"Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No"*** *(John Day. 278 pp. $3.75).*

IN ONE of his last letters to the United States, Harold Laski thanked the editor of a Stalinist magazine for sending him a free subscription. "To have it sent me from you," Laski wrote, "is worth more to me than an honorary degree from Harvard. Not that I think that a comparison favorable to you, for I suspect they would give doctorates to Adenauer and Sidney Hook." The ill-concealed venom of Laski's remark is a tribute to Sidney Hook's role in American intellectual life. For Hook was not only a better student of Marx than Laski; he was also a more resolute and faithful friend of freedom.

In the years when Laski was seeking new excuses for Soviet evil and Communist deceit, Hook was committed to a course of remorseless exposure. The result was to earn for Hook the bitter hatred of the Communists, the fellow-travelers, the sleep-walkers, and the other agents or dupes of the Stalinist left.

That hatred died hard. In 1949 the Stalinists, making their last large-scale intellectual fling in the United States (unless the Malenkov Era discovers a new supply of suckers and produces new united fronts), organized the so-called Scientific and Cultural Conference for World Peace at the Waldorf Astoria in New York. Sidney Hook promptly organized a counter-demonstration designed to expose the pretensions and purposes of the Stalinist group. I was one of those who spoke at the counter-demonstration.

When I returned to Cambridge, I was denounced for this by the Harvard *Crimson;* it was made clear, in a wonderful application of "guilt-by-association," that my crime in appearing on the same platform with Sidney Hook was far greater than the crime of a couple of my Harvard colleagues who appeared at the Waldorf with Fadayev, the Soviet literary commissar.

It is important to understand that Sidney Hook has been fighting the battle for cultural freedom for fifteen years; that he has perceived from the start that freedom had enemies on the left as well as on the right; and that his fearless and unsparing exposure of Stalinist activity made him for years the target of what can only be described—in the period of Stalinist influence in our intellectual life—as a vicious and unrelenting persecution. He bears today the scars of this battle, and the wounds are still evident in his writing. But they are honorable scars, and all Americans who care about intellectual freedom should recognize that they are much in Professor Hook's debt.

"Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No" is based on a series of articles published in a variety of periodicals over the last few years on key issues of cultural freedom in the United States. In Professor Hook's view, our freedom is threatened by two groups in particular—the "cultural vigilantes," who are driven by the fear of Communism to stamp out all unorthodoxy, and the "ritualistic liberals," who are driven by the fear of repression to deny the existence of a Communist threat. "Both groups flourish on each other's misapprehension and their outcries have drowned out the voice of intelligence." This results in the competing spirals of hysteria that tower over us today—from Senator McCarthy on the right to the *Nation* on the left.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"A Torch Without Light."

How to clarify the problem and reduce the confusion? Professor Hook suggests that the key lies in an understanding of the distinction between *heresy* and *conspiracy*—between unpopular ideas, on the one hand, and subversive movements, on the other. If both groups could but grasp this distinction, then the vigilantes might stop punishing heresies as conspiracies, and the ritualistic liberals might stop tolerating conspiracies as heresies. In terms of this distinction, Professor Hook reviews a number of our current dilemmas of freedom—the concept of "guilt-by-association," the Smith Act, and the intricate issues of freedom in an academic community. His writing is brisk, incisive, ruthless, and even brutal in its logical insistence; and the result is a vigorous, hard-hitting, tough, and often angry analysis of the state of cultural freedom in this country.

I FIND myself in agreement with almost all of Professor Hook's objectives and with most of his arguments (even if not always with the tone in which the argument is conducted). But one cannot fully embrace Professor Hook any more than one can embrace a porcupine; and I must register a dissent in particular to his view that membership in the Communist Party is *per se* a ground for dismissal from a university faculty. This is a complicated question; and it is impossible to do justice to all its aspects here. For an able rebuttal of the Hook position, I commend those interested to an article by Milton R. Konvitz entitled "Justice and the Communist Teacher" in the *New Leader* of April 20.

Professor Hook's central contention seems to be that the adoption of the doctrine of exclusion will take the pressure off the universities and permit the faculties to resume control over their own affairs. He would not make exclusion automatic, but would set up instead a Faculty Committee on Professional Ethics which would undertake investigations and make recommendations. For my part, I doubt whether this formula would do much to relieve the situation. The right to expel detected Communists (even if this is construed as a right rather than an automatic obligation) seems to me to carry inescapably with it the right to detect them. I would consider it far better to stick to the traditional tests of academic freedom and responsibility—professional competence and lawful behavior. These tests make it possible to dismiss

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Communists or anyone else who violate professional propriety by attempts at indoctrination, whether inside or outside the classroom, or to dismiss anyone who has been convicted of a crime. When there are real threats to the academic community or to the nation, these tests will take care of them.

I CANNOT but feel that in this question Professor Hook's logic has carried him far beyond his underlying pragmatic faith. A pragmatist approaching this question would surely begin by asking how real the threat is. The facts are (a) that there are a negligible number of Communists in university faculties; (b) that no overwhelming danger to national security arises from them; (c) that such dangers as there are of corrupting the young come quite as much from fellow-travelers and wanderers who would not be reached by the Hook doctrine as from the Party members; and (d) that, if the nation could survive the organized activity of Communists on college faculties at the bottom of the Depression, it certainly has little to fear from them today when a Communist idea has little more future in this country than a snowball in hell. Professor Hook knows all these things; yet he writes as if Communist influence in the colleges were presenting a serious danger requiring emergency action. If this were ever true, it is certainly not true in 1953. And a consistent pragmatist would surely proportion the response to the threat. As one reads Professor Hook's passionate pages on this issue, one cannot help inquiring: what's all the shooting for?

I cannot but feel that Professor Hook's vigor on this question is in part the conditioned reflex of an old veteran, still fighting the battles of the late Thirties. It is true that he states in his introduction that he regards the cultural vigilantes as a greater threat today than the ritualistic liberals; "the first group is institutionally stronger and far more dangerous because in a position to commit excesses." But the emotional thrust of his book is to denounce the ritualistic liberals, who, God knows, need it—but not to the extent that they are made to emerge as the main villains on the domestic scene.

"Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No" is an honest and bracing book. It deals seriously with serious issues, and it is animated by a passion for sharp and logical discussion. It deserves to be widely read by those who care about our civil liberties. My reservation is that too much of it is really a review of past errors when what we need is a guide to future perils.

Ordeal by Decades

By Lindsay Rogers

The thesis that China went Communist because of American blundering and chicanery, as developed in the McCarran Committee hearings, is repeated by ***John T. Flynn*** *in* ***"The Lattimore Story"*** *(Devin-Adair. 118 pp. $1). Mr. Rogers, professor of law at Columbia University and author of "The American Senate," which dealt in large part with Congressional investigations, here examines Mr. Flynn's book and its thesis.*

IN THE autumn of 1951, John T. Flynn published a book which he called "While You Slept." Its argument was that China had been allowed to go Communist because young State Department officials reported on the corruption and inefficiency of Chiang's regime, Communist writers infiltrated the Institute of Pacific Relations, and books, taking a Communist or at least an anti-Chiang Kai-shek "line," received favorable reviews in *The New York Times*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, and *The Saturday Review*. Thus was the way paved for a "series of appalling blunders" which "were the joint product chiefly of two men—General George C. Marshall and Secretary of State Dean Acheson."

Now, hoping that the approaching trial of Mr. Owen Lattimore for perjury will keep alive interest in his thesis, Mr. Flynn repeats it and makes Mr. Lattimore the villain of the piece. Using the 6,000 pages of the McCarran hearings, Mr. Flynn attempts to show that Lattimore was the directing genius "of the most incredible conspiracy of our time"—a conspiracy which culminated in "the final effort of Acheson, Lattimore, and Jessup to deliver China and Korea into the arms of the Communist world." This came on February 9, 1950, when there was a conference at the White House which, according to Senator Vandenberg's diary, discussed halting shipments of arms to Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Government. Senator Vandenberg claimed that he prevented this decision, but the quip had long been current that the shipment of war materiel to Chiang was a roundabout method of Lend-Lease to the Chinese Communists.

Mr. Flynn's argument, which is indistinguishable from, although better written than, that of the McCarran Committee report, has three premises. The first is that State Department juniors in China and writers on Far Eastern questions, within and without the Institute of Pacific Relations, were in cahoots in wanting to see China go Communist. To discuss this premise would require an elaborate analysis of the "evidence" on which Mr. Flynn relies.

This it is not necessary to undertake because one can admit (contrary to the facts, in my opinion) that Mr. Lattimore had helped to make the Institute of Pacific Relations a "Communist front" organization and decline to accept Mr. Flynn's second premise that the publications of the Institute and other books on the Far East had any decisive influence on American foreign policy. There is no evidence that the White House or the Pentagon paid any attention to the "pro-Communist" writings of which Mr. Flynn has so much to say. Indeed, Edward C. Carter, the secretary general of the Institute of Pacific Relations, was always scheming to have its publications brought to the attention of the higher-ups in the Pentagon and State Department. He had indifferent success. But if Mr. Carter had been happy rather than disconsolate, the acceptance of Mr. Flynn's argument requires acceptance of his third premise: that it was within the power of men in Washington to determine whether or no China went Communist.

A FEW months ago the Englishman D. W. Brogan published a remarkable article entitled "The Illusion of American Omnipotence." He suggested that the Communists (or the Russians) would have "captured" China had American policy been represented and controlled by the strongest pro-Chinese Nationalist Senators and Representatives. To believe otherwise is to show "a curious absence of historical awe and historical curiosity."

Or as John Carter Vincent, one of the State Department advisors on China policy whose retirement was ordered by Secretary of State Dulles, recently said: "Nothing short of the establishment of an American military protectorate in fact if not in name could have saved China." Even the "Asialationists" were never willing to advocate that on the scale that would have been necessary. If it had been attempted, the Russians

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could have played the same game and geography would have permitted their assistance to the Communist armies to be more massive and effective. "It has been quite a problem to save Southern Korea," Mr. Vincent added, "and China is an infinitely greater and more complex problem."

SENATOR McCarran and his fellow members of the Sub-Committee frequently told witnesses that the Committee was endeavoring to be "fair" and was only looking for the truth. Those whose minds are not already made up and who study the record carefully will come to different conclusions. When counsel elicited what they thought the Committee was looking for there was rarely, if ever, any attempt by cross-examination to determine whether the witness was telling a credible story. Had the proceedings been in an ordinary court of law and had the attorneys been as negligent, the presiding judge would on many occasions have taken over the examination himself. Let me give one example: The testimony of one Igor Bogolepov, an ex-official of the Soviet Foreign Office.

Mr. Bogolepov testified that the materials for Sidney and Beatrice Webb's two-volume work on Soviet Communism "actually were given by the Soviet Foreign Office" and "they had only to remake a little bit for English text, a little bit criticizing, but in its general trend the bulk of the material was prepared for them in the Soviet Foreign Office." Senator Ferguson's comment was as follows: "So you were really preparing it under the Soviet, giving it to the Webbs so they might write it in English so it could be distributed in English."

The severest critic of the Webb volumes did not venture to suggest that the work was not their own. They made an extended stay in the Soviet Union in 1932. They worked on their manuscript until October 1935, and the volumes appeared the following year. If cross-examination had shown how extravagant and ignorant Bogolepov was on the Webbs, his credibility on other matters would have been called into question. But Senate committees and their counsel are rarely interested in testing the credibility of witnesses who say what the Senators want to hear.

Lord Balfour once said that his idea of Hell was a place where the only reading matter would be House of Commons debates. He was not familiar with the published hearings of Congressional committees. I am, having read the 6,000 pages of the McCarran hearings.

—United Press.

Owen Lattimore—"different conclusions."

Majesty and Indecision

By Hollis W. Barber

Vera Micheles Dean's "Foreign Policy Without Fear" *(McGraw-Hill. 220 pp. $3.75) is a lucid, sane analysis of our position in the world today, writes Mr. Barber, a member of the University of Illinois's Chicago faculty and author of "Foreign Policies of the United States."*

IF common sense in foreign policy is worth two cents a page to you, you are advised to purchase Vera Micheles Dean's "Foreign Policy Without Fear." Rarely does a small volume hold as much intelligent reflection and constructive criticism as does this one. Mrs. Dean demonstrates again that she deserves her reputation as a student of foreign politics whose explanations of fact are neither superficial nor pedantic, whose criticisms are neither partisan nor irresponsible, and whose prose is highly readable.

This book is written not for the expert, but for the informed, open-minded citizen who appreciates the fact that not all has been perfection in the conduct of our policy, but also that the obstructionist nagging of the isolationist rear guard is consistently misleading in its patent-medicine remedies for our problems. To instruct such a reader is infinitely more difficult than merely to revile the Department of State. I believe it was Alben Barkley who remarked that any jackass could kick the barn door down, but that it took a skilled carpenter to build it back.

We Americans often cannot comprehend why Europeans persist in disliking and distrusting us in spite of what we regard as our largesse (which is really given more for motives of self-interest than of altruism). Mrs. Dean helps us to look at the picture from their angle. She points out, for instance, that we have for years pursued a policy of containment toward the Soviet Union, basing it on the theory that as it succeeded we would be able to bargain from positions of strength, and yet we seem strangely fearful of actually diving into the cold water of negotiations. Though ourselves of colonial origin, we have of late opposed many colonial movements aimed at obtaining national independence. We become so sweeping in our damnation of everything Russian and Communist that we end by embracing such characters as Francisco Franco, Chiang Kai-shek, Bao Dai, and Syngman Rhee. We claim a steadfast anti-Communist attitude, and yet gladly cooperate with Marshal Tito, who proclaims his Marxism at every opportunity. In our confusion we do not perceive that our foe is not fundamentally Communism, but Russian imperialism. We sneer at inefficient tax collections and governmental corruption in foreign lands but are suddenly deaf when someone mentions the Internal Revenue Bureau or the Kefauver Committee. We engage in great and successful socialist experiments like the TVA (which is widely admired abroad); yet prominent Americans opine that no Marshall or Mutual Security aid should go to socialist countries.

Little wonder that Europeans are baffled. No wonder that a nation capable of such inconsistencies can boast that America, the strongest country in the world, can beat any and all opponents—and yet that we've never won a peace, and that the third secretary of a minor European legation can easily bamboozle our ablest diplomat three times between tea and dinner. To construct a workable foreign policy in a democracy one must clear out such mental rubbish and substitute fact for fear. In such a task this book is helpful.

SOME fundamental facts assist in clarifying our thought. For one thing, a noisy minority to the contrary notwithstanding, the days of isolationism are past; a nation dependent as we are upon foreign markets and foreign sources of uranium, tin, nickel, and rubber simply cannot go it alone. The "detached and distant situation" of which George Washington spoke is gone forever. Again, without discounting the untold agony that has been caused by the Soviet Union, we cannot honestly blame it for all the

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world's troubles; poverty and nationalism have long disrupted international relations and would have continued to do so regardless of the occupant of the Kremlin's front office.

Furthermore, no one in the small town really loves the banker who lives elegantly in the big house on the hill; we must reconcile ourselves to the fact that our power position will gain us some allies and many enemies, but few friends. Convinced as we are of the merits of democracy for ourselves, we must realize that it is not yet for everyone; most countries lack the Anglo-American background of slow evolution of self-government. Finally, democracy must be perfected at home before it can be successfully exported: many a member of those colored races that form the world's overwhelming majority smiles cynically at our talk of civil liberties when he learns that Ralph Bunche declined the offer of high Government position out of reluctance to expose his family to Jim-Crow Washington.

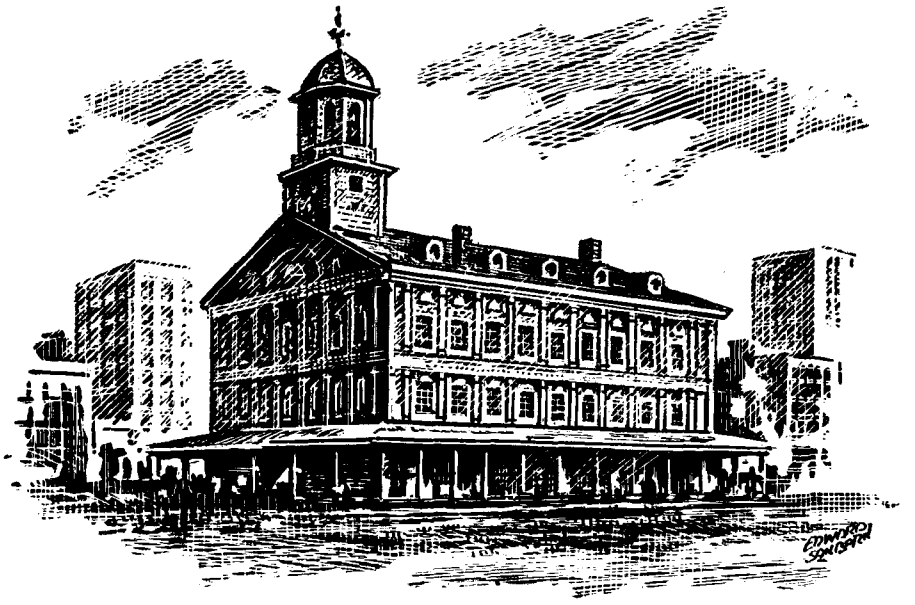
If we can understand some of these facts of international life and therefore can avoid being frightened by them, we can start to design and execute a foreign policy without fear: to assist realistically in the formation of a Western Europeon federation, to expand world trade by actually increasing our imports instead of merely telling others to do so, to give major aid to such programs as Point Four, to cooperate with the U.N., and to carry out the other lines of action suggested by Mrs. Dean.

This book would have been different under different authorship. Some would have chosen a less cryptic title, or would have regarded the considerable space devoted to details of recent technical-assistance programs as a digression from the main theme, or feel that in view of our attitude in the U.N. Trusteeship Council we have not sold the colonial peoples down the river quite as much as Mrs. Dean implies. But these are minor complaints. This book is sane, and sets some major problems in perspective. It is not a detailed prescription for foreign policy, but it does lay a sound foundation for one.

A Sigh

By Witter Bynner

IT IS better not to grieve,
they say,
And yet a body grieves
Having to go upon its way,
For oh, how much it leaves!



A Hemispheric Destiny

By Scott Buchanan

Mr. Buchanan, former dean of St. Johns College and author of "Essay in World Politics," reviews ***Sir Alfred Zimmern's "The American Road to World Peace"*** *(E. P. Dutton. 287 pp. $4).*

IN 1859 Carl Schurz made a speech in Faneuil Hall which ended with a definition of America: America is a colony of mankind whose homeland is the world. Oscar Handlin in a recent book, "The Uprooted," says that to be American is to be uprooted and like it. It is only with such sentiments in mind that an American can read Sir Alfred Zimmern's "The American Road to World Peace" without losing his head or flying off the handle. For without these qualifications, which are not in the book, Sir Alfred would seem to be using history as a crystal ball and announcing Manifest Destiny 1953; with these historical definitions in mind, the American can brace himself to hear his clear duty read out to him and can approach a serious consideration of it.

The duty is firmly and patiently to persuade the rest of the world to uproot itself, become a colony of itself, and to seek a political resettlement. To be sure, this proposal seems fantastic enough; but so does American history and world history. As a matter of fact, we have come from all over the world, and we have fashioned a community and a polity from the materials of the melting-pot. The melting process is spreading until the world seems often enough a seething cauldron. Most of the world recognizes with varying degrees of approval and alarm the American influence in this process. In fact, the combination of approval and alarm amounts to a fascination, as if the people on the march everywhere viewed us and our way of life as a fate which they must find a way to accept. This poses a fearful question for us: how shall we accept the duty and the responsibility to make the fate intelligent?

ALFRED ZIMMERN'S intelligence has always been political, and he does not let it stray into the problematics of technology, finance, ideology, and power. When he looks at Russia, he sees merely bad politics. When he looks at America, he sees a free society that has resulted from new politics, politics that has freed itself from its roots in Roman law. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution really did establish the sovereignty of the people and provided the political conditions for what Tocqueville called the spirit of voluntary association. The Government itself draws its strength and grows from this source; it does not generate itself in some high intelligence and authority and percolate down from above, as, from Rome to the present day, European governments have done. This is the reason that no democratic republican forms have been fulfilled in Europe, and it is the reason that Europeans did not understand Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points and his proposal of a League of

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Nations at the end of the First World War. This failure to understand and our failure to join the League and teach by collaboration is the reason that the League failed to transform sovereign nations, little Roman empires, into a moral community.

America, this big island off the main land-mass of the world, has invented a polity that can assure a free society to a large population. It has a duty now to bring the spirit of its laws to the whole world.

THE tough moral of this, tough for Americans to take, is that we should not be embarrassed by the strong, dominating part we are taking in the United Nations: we should accept it as the providential medium through which we do our plain duty. Furthermore, we should not be impatient if persuasion and response are slow. As Athens was once the school of Hellas, so America is now the school of the world, and the United Nations is our schoolroom. Sir Alfred, our present tutor, has spent a generation in watching the educational breakdown of the League and now sees a similar breakdown beginning in the United Nations. He is giving us pedagogical advice in this book and he promises another which will get down to the specifically educational procedures that are needed.

But Sir Alfred is a political scientist as well as a teacher, and he has some proposals to make regarding the organization of the United Nations, proposals that ought to be considered in connection with the revision of the charter that is anticipated in 1955. His chief proposal concerns the Security Council, which, like the Council of the League, seems to lose its function every time it operates. Its main defect is not the veto, which merely tempts each member to defend his sovereignty against that of every other member. The flaw is its very constitution, a body charged with moderating sovereignty made up of members whose first duty is to preserve sovereignty. The defect is fatal because the Council is the Executive of the United Nations. The proposed remedy, if I understand it, is to make the Executive represent the various regional security pacts that have grown up in the Cold War. These pacts are progressively limiting sovereignties and they are coming to cover the whole world jointly. The realism of this proposal is shocking. the idea ingenious.

There is something abstract and tangential about Sir Alfred's analysis and his proposals, a tangential abstractness that infects all thought about one world, and yet this one is

(*Continued on page 45*)

FICTION

In the Family of Sir Walter

By Thomas Caldecott Chubb

How explain the enormous continuing interest in the historical novel? Mr. Chubb, who has read more than even the most avid aficionado, examines three new ones and finds some answers:

The Young Elizabeth. By Jennette and Francis Letton. *New York: Harper & Bros. 277 pp. $3.50.* ***The Babylonians. By Nathaniel Norsen Weinreb.*** *New York: Doubleday & Co. 381 pp. $3.95.* ***The Emperor's Lady. By F. W. Kenyon.*** *New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 501 pp. $3.95.*

IT is hardly necessary to do more than look into bookstore windows or glance casually at our newspapers and reviews to realize that the production of historical novels is now a major industry, and that the reader who so desires may journey comfortably through space and time from the ancient kingdoms of the East and Middle East to the court of Napoleon without stirring from his overstuffed chair.

Even in these post-World War II days, he will have, too, more than a corporal's guard of competent guides to conduct him, all versed in the customs of the country. Thomas Costain with "The Black Rose" and "The Silver Chalice," Mika Waltari with "The Egyptian" and "The Adventurer," Hope Muntz with "The Golden Warrior," Somerset Maugham with "Then and Now," H. F. M. Prescott with "The Man on a Donkey," Samuel Shellabarger with "Captain from Castile"—I select at random from those that have fallen into my hands because of my special familiarity with European history—may not, in fact do not, bear the same marks of literary or even Technicolor permanence as do older favorites like "Quo Vadis?," "Ben Hur," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Ivanhoe," or "The Three Musketeers." But they have met an important test. They have created books that are readable and rereadable, that are good fiction and illuminating history.

Nor do the numbers show any signs of falling off. Again I speak from my own somewhat restricted experience, but in the past six months alone I have read novels dealing with Juan Rodrigo Bermejo, who sighted land for Columbus; with Napoleon on Elba and with Napoleon from his birth on Corsica to his death on St. Helena; with the little emperors who usurped power in Britain at the time of Rome's fall; with the romantic love affair and agile-wristed swordplay of the violinist Tartini; with John of Oversley, who set out from Avon Bridge to the Holy Land with the Lionheart's crusade; with the lost Dauphin; with Roland and his peers at Roncesvalles; with that witty, tragic English saint Sir Thomas More, author of "Utopia"; with the volatile Florentine Benevenuto Cellini, who wrote a pretty good novel about himself, although he did not call it one; and finally with Jean Angelos, the Dark Angel, who was the unrecognized son of a *porphyrogenitus*, and who, as an obscure fighter, saw his cousin's Constantinople fall into the hands of the Turk.

NOW, to surpass by one my baker's dozen, I have before me three more. "The Young Elizabeth," by Jennette and Francis Letton, and in this coronation year as timely as it is lively to read, deals with that other Elizabeth who at something-and-twenty ascended England's throne. "The Babylonians," as its name implies, is ancient history. Its hero is one Beladar. the free-thinking. skeptical, and. as

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far as medical ideas go, surprisingly modern physician and friend of the great Nebuchadnezzar. It takes place in the great baked-clay Euphrates metropolis of the ziggurat and the hanging gardens and in the relatively primitive "Urusalim" of King Zedekiah and the prophet Jeremiah. Most modern of the three is "The Emperor's Lady," a first novel by an English-born New Zealander, F. W. Kenyon. The Emperor's lady is none other than that lush Creole Marie-Joseph-Rose de la Pagerie, who left Martinique for Paris to become first the Vicomtesse de Beauharnais and then Josephine Bonaparte.

If you are looking for hammock reading, the last is, of course, your book, as a glance at the paper jacket will tell you. It is only fair to say that it is factually accurate, or at least reasonably so. But the facts are interpreted in a manner that should acquire as many readers and the same kind of literary prestige as Kathleen Winsor. No one disputes that the Bonapartes—and their West Indian—were both cheap and vulgar, but a tale about them that is cast exclusively in terms of their cheapness and vulgarity misses an important fact. There were plenty of other cheap and vulgar people, but the Bonapartes, and their Creole, were also great.

YET when a reviewer has read as many historical novels as I have, it is not that with which he is principally concerned. It is relatively unimportant that "The Emperor's Lady" for all its learning is pure trash, and "The Babylonians" and "The Young Elizabeth" are reasonably or even very good. Instead he is concerned with the historical novel itself. Why does the public demand and support so many of them? What does a historical novel do? What should it do? How is this illustrated by the books in hand?

"Let's pretend" is the first answer as it is the first answer to popularity of all romantic writing. The child likes to dress up and the adult goes to a fancy dress ball. In certain of its aspects, the historical novel—"the costume romance"—is a literary fancy dress ball. It is an escape if you want to call it that, but so is reading "whodunits," or collecting stamps, or shooting quail, or racing a boat, or sunning yourself in a bright shirt at the naval base in Key West, or playing golf at Burning Tree. Let us not be too smug about escapes. They are recreation, and, as such, in our modern intense life, both necessary and respectable.

Sightseeing in the past is another reason for the historical novel's great following. Any Sunday that you go to the Metropolitan Museum, you will

—Jacket by Franz Felix for "The Babylonians."

see crowds of people thronging through the Egyptian wing. Some of them are serious seekers after knowledge, but the majority are merely "tourists." It is somewhat more convenient, and of course infinitely cheaper, to go to Eighty-second Street than to travel to the Pyramids by air, or by sea and land.

Among the books under consideration, "The Babylonians" by Mr. Weinreb well meets this kind of demand. It is a sort of Near East wing of a museum, but in book form. As a story I do not find it one hundred per cent convincing. The love of the worldly Beladar for King Zedekiah's mistress Devora (who in spite of it all is a good woman); his conversion —to what is not clearly indicated— by Jeremiah; and his decision to stay in ruined (and, as I remember, history) destroyed Jerusalem, is pleasant but, to me, improbable. A novel should be probable, whether or not true.

But when it comes to making the past vivid, it is another matter. During World War I, I used to hear the late Professor Clay break off his lectures on aids to navigation to talk to us about cuneiform, and I have read H. R. Hall. But from neither of them did I get the real feeling of people moving and breathing that I did from Mr. Weinreb. But—with a few and notable exceptions—this kind of feeling you can get only from a novel. One of the real services of the historical novel is not that it can be a substitute for history, but that it can be this kind of a supplement.

The historical novel offers another service.

"The real justification of the novel as a way of dealing with the past," wrote an English critic some three decades ago, "is that it brings home to readers the fact that there is such a thing as the past—an arena of vivid and momentous life, in which men and women were flesh and blood, their sorrows and hopes and adventures as real as ours."

IN other words, by writing history in terms of the individual, and by making the individual (through the novelist's freedom from the shackles of literal adherence to the documents) both real and complete, the writers of historical novels can convert history into a backward extension of the present, and hence into something we can all both feel and understand.

This is most expertly accomplished by certain passages in "The Young Elizabeth."

It is accepted that as a girl Bess Tudor was a red-headed, high-spirited hoyden, and it is also accepted that she unwisely (but how far no one knows) loved the colorful admiral and adventurer Tom Seymour, brother of the Protector. It is argued that when she could not realize this love, she began "to learn the lessons of her destiny: that she can belong to no man because she belongs to England, that she must endure imprisonment, banishment, and the threat of death—and make no sign, that her duty is to the throne."

But there was a human cost to all this, and unless we understand the human cost, the young Elizabeth must remain a printed word upon a printed page. What that human cost was is often apparent, but comes out most effectively in that tremendous scene when Sir Robert and Lady Tyrwhitt, like two Uriah Heeps, arrive at Hatfield to take her servants, Parry and Ashley, to the Tower, where they will be tortured into betraying her and Seymour.

A melodramatic person would have stormed or ranted, a feeble woman would have wept or pled. White-faced Bess merely watched the "two portly figures" move tragically away between the guards.

"God go with you, Parry, and with my dear Ashley," she said. And later: "I am not sorry, Lady Tyrwhitt. If I have not faith in my King's Council, I have small faith indeed."

At that moment, in her deep and torturing self-control, we see England's greatest queen, perhaps her greatest monarch, stand before us.

This might have been told to us in the dry pages of the dullest chronicle, but we would not have felt it. Because they made us feel it, the Strettons have performed one of the high functions of the historical novel. They are not the only ones to have done this, which is an important reason why the historical novel continues popular. But they have done it very well.

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Rue de Tobacco

By Laurent LeSage

Henri Calet's "Monsieur Paul" *(translated by Douglas McKee. E. P. Dutton. 256 pp. $3) is a raw slice of life out of France, grim yet not without hope.*

THE French might assume that the American public was composed chiefly of dirty-minded schoolboys, to judge from the ballyhoo employed to introduce to us their literary works, no matter what their subject or intention might be. The jacket on this novel offers the following enticing description: "With Rabelaisian wit and outspoken cynicism, the 'I' of this book tells what happens to an amoral Frenchman when he meets a young woman equally amoral—and almost as experienced." Here a reviewer's responsibility is clear: he must save a good book for readers who would otherwise read no farther, and warn pornography hunters that the sexual exploits of the hero are not very exciting.

The "I" is a man named Schumacher, short, paunchy, and middle-aged. The "young woman" is a slattern with blotchy skin and dandruff. What results from their "meeting" is a scrofulous infant, Monsieur Paul, for whose benefit Schumacher has recorded the dismal adventure of his life and the circumstances of his fatherhood. Illegitimate birth, childhood in the slums, military service, years of exile for having robbed a safe, marriage with Esther, a pathologically dependent person, internment and war hardships—this is his background. Now, at middle age, he is a shabby insurance salesman, too beaten to pull himself out of the latest mess he has got himself in.

Nobody need tell Schumacher he is no ladies' man. Yet skirt-chasing has always pepped him up momentarily. That is how he got involved with Emilienne, Monsieur Paul's mother. He has not really left Esther, who sits for hours alone crying, with her back to the register; but he cannot break with Emilienne either, in whose foul-smelling flat he sleeps, quarrels, and watches his sickly child. His will is paralyzed; he can only suffer and despise himself.

Like Céline and Henry Miller, Calet lets a social derelict speak for himself. Presented only in haphazard reminiscences and confidences, without intervention on the part of the author, his story gains powerful directness and authenticity. His story is that of all "unimportant, transient, unknown people," whose lives are permeated by "the same unchanging odor of misery . . . grease and smoke and slop buckets and filth," particularly those of the generation of two wars, who know only a "sick, unhappy world which is covered with wounds and abscesses and subject to nervous disorders."

Postwar French writers expose the world they know in all its vulgarity and brutality. Their heroes eventually reach a point where the only question is whether or not they should destroy themselves. What keeps them from suicide? Stripped of all delusions about themselves and the world, they discover a reason for living in the very sensation of being alive. They are saved through a genuine love of life. In spite of everything, the sight of his son, of Paris, of seasons, of things, awakens in Schumacher feelings of great joy. Thus the grim books coming out of France often possess a fundamental wholesomeness that compels our sober respect.

Henri Calet—"wholesomeness."

Fred Majdalany—"elemental exhilaration."

Alleyway to Victory

By Arthur C. Fields

Fred Majdalany's "Patrol" *(Ballantine Books. 149 pp. Clothbound, $1.50. Paperbound, 35¢) is an authentic but belated account of a British landing in Algiers in 1942.*

THE Overall Picture, the Grand Strategy is seldom of concern to the men who fight a war. The communiques which report no action or few casualties may be looking at the overview, but many a man has lost his life or etched his fear into a night that was without incident. Every man in combat knows that for each report of "light casualties" men like himself have been wounded or killed. And while he is vaguely aware of the larger picture, war, to him, is his own strip of ground—the terrain to his left or right—and the fighting or fleeing is not made any the less terrible by the fact that what he was involved in—his particular hell—assumed no importance in the grand strategy of war. A single patrol action which made no headlines is the subject of "Patrol," Fred Majdalany's second novel about World War II.

In November 1943 the war seemed to have come to a standstill for the British troops fighting in North Africa. For the forward companies, however, the standstill meant only a step-up in the wearing and ever perilous patrol actions designed to probe enemy positions and locate troop concentrations. Company Commander Tim Sheldon had finally won his men a rest from this hazardous duty when a capricious decision at Brigade countermands the rest order and sends him and his men out on a highly dangerous patrol. Rarely have the step-by-step preparations and the execution of a patrol been described as fully as they are in Fred Majdalany's novel. "The elemental exhilaration of the hunt, the pitting of animal wits against animal wits," a patrol is war reduced to its most primitive: man against man. As the only fully drawn character, Tim Sheldon is followed through his briefing, his premonitions, the preparations, and finally the long, detailed minutiae which make up the frightful lonely responsibilities of command. "In a way the shells passing high above were a comfort . . . it was the faint rustle . . . the hardly audible click that could paralyze you with fright." With the finding of their objective in the dark, the concentrated pressure of responsibility is relaxed and Sheldon is overcome with fatigue

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and—strangely—boredom. He is humming a passage from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony ("fine for ordinary marching speed and as good for the slow pace on patrol") when the Germans open up. In a desperate withdrawal two men are killed and Sheldon is seriously wounded. A full lifetime of twelve hours after they departed they stumble back to their lines.

Authentic throughout, "Patrol" benefits from Fred Majdalany's own combat experience. He was a member of a British brigade that participated in the November 1942 landing operations near Algiers. The author speaks from experience when he says of a brave soldier: "Can't they see that the whole point is not that he *didn't* know fear but that he *did*?" Or: "The first time you're shot at is the only time you feel brave. Because you don't know." But it has been ten years since the period of World War II that Fred Majdalany is describing. And ten years of war novels demand something more original than philosophizing on "how strangely impersonal to the soldier is that figure—the Enemy." They also demand something more original than the patently obvious closing sentence: "Nothing to report. Patrol activity."

Offspring of the Big-Ad Men

By Lee Rogow

Robert Alan Aurthur's "The Glorification of Al Toolum" *(Rinehart. 244 pp. $3) is a bright satire on American business civilization, featuring that most characteristic creature, the Average Man in the United States.*

ON a morning in 1952, Al Toolum awoke in Fernvale, Long Island, an awakening not dissimilar from the rising of George Babbitt back in Zenith misty decades before. Like Babbitt, Toolum was settled in routine, firmly emplaced in home, suburb, marriage, family, job. Like Babbitt, he had lost the power to snap the silken chains of habit, but he was troubled by the vague feeling of having missed the boat, of being bored by his marriage, separated from his children, and unfulfilled by his work.

Toolum might have continued on this treadmill until doomsday, but he was touched by an ultramodern finger of fate—a bubblegum company selected him as Mr. Yankee Doodle, the most average Average Man in the United States. His height, coloring, weight, age, taste in breakfast food all checked. He preferred Norman Rockwell to Grant Wood, Irving Berlin to Ferde Grofe. He was Mr. Yankee Doodle, and his troubles had just begun.

Robert Alan Aurthur records Al's difficulties in "The Glorification of Al Toolum." First came the presents. He had been avoiding a TV set, but they gave him a TV set. Then they put him on a television program, and he came across like an outstandingly stupid sweepstakes winner. Then, since his uniquely average tastes made him a one-man nationwide survey, he became the official taster for new cola drinks, the official guinea pig for potential hit songs.

TO the embarrassment of the advertising genius who had dreamed up the Yankee Doodle contest, it soon developed that Toolum was not a statistic, not a page out of the "World Almanac," but a man. He described the cola drink as "too fizzy," he hated the potential hit songs. Moreover, the average man's youngest kid was having personality problems because his two older brothers excluded him from their palship, and Yankee Doodle's son had to go to a child analyst.

To increase the discomfiture of the advertising brain and his hired hand in the button-down shirt, Toolum joined the possibly subversive League to Free the Pacific Peoples. His wife joined a Minute Maid organization and got arrested during a housewives' strike against high prices.

In the end, Al Toolum was fired from the position of Yankee Doodle, but sticking a feather in his cap had changed his life and brought him into closer harmony with his wife, his kids, and more importantly, with himself. Somewhere along the line, John Bell, the apprentice genius in the oxford shirt, had lost his ambition to be a huckster and had gained not only his own soul but the affections of an anti-advertising type girl named Barbie.

Robert Alan Aurthur has been enmeshed with television, notably with a show called "Mr. Peepers," and this makes it odd that his fun-poking at the new industry should be the least effective portion of the book. The madness of Madison Avenue has been done many times before, and many times more effectively. This part of

(*Continued on page* 43)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FOLIAGE IN FICTION

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify the literary characters whose experiences with trees are briefly described below. Allow five points for each character named, and another five for either the work or the author. A score of seventy or better means you have climbed to the top, sixty shows you are up a tree, and fifty or less proves you are lost in the woods. Answers on page 48.

1. This impersonation of Death was trapped up an apple tree by a mildly profane old man and his adoring grandson.
2. An oak and an elm were important clues to this intrepid detective in deciphering a mysterious ritual which led to the unearthing of some Charles I coins and a mutilated Stuart crown.
3. This poetic character sang in the amfalula tree.
4. In the form of an old apple tree which yielded a bumper crop of rotten apples, this Englishwoman's ghost tormented her husband to death.
5. Having been marooned on a desert island, this gentleman and his family lived for about a year in a tree-house to which they gave the name of Falconhurst.
6. Feeling she was unwanted in her sister's home, this sixty-year-old spinster set up housekeeping in a tree where she was joined by four other escapists.
7. This South American child of Nature was ensnared in a tall tree and burned to ashes.
8. Incited by his wife's cousin, with whom he had fallen in love, he crashed the sled they were riding into an elm.
9. Pinioned side by side under a storm-split beech tree in the Carpathian mountains, these lifelong enemies made peace with each other.
10. Having no mailbox, this lovesick young man posted the verses he wrote to his sweetheart on trees in a French forest.

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The Softer, Ominous Element

By Merle Miller

The invention of the aqua-lung has made it possible for adventurous men of modest means to indulge in underwater exploration and for non-adventurous men with only library cards to experience it vicariously through books. Mr. Miller, one of the latter, here discusses the recent seasons' literary haul. ***The Silent World. By Captain J.-Y. Cousteau.*** *New York: Harper & Bros. 266 pp. $4.* ***The Undersea Adventure. By Philippe Diole.*** *Translated by Alan Ross. New York: Julian Messner. 236 pp. $4.50.* ***Manta. By Hans Hass.*** *Chicago: Rand McNally Co. 276 pp. $4.50.* ***Diving To Adventure:*** *The Daredevil Story of Hunters Under the Sea.* ***By Hans Hass.*** *New York: Doubleday & Co. 280 pp. $3.75.*

CAPTAIN J.-Y. COUSTEAU, a gunnery officer in the French Navy and a man who seems to have an almost equal respect for science and for adventure, first developed the aqua-lung, a device which has meant that almost anybody with a little spare cash and a curiosity for what goes on under water, can operate while submerged without casque, hose, weights, or lines, and frequently get around almost as well as some of the more awkward fish.

What's more, with the help of a French colleague and an unnamed but highly literate American ghost, the Captain put together "The Silent World," a fine book that has been riding the best-seller lists for some weeks. Cousteau, however, is not responsible for the current curiosity about almost everything that goes on in, on, or even near the world's oceans. Rachel Carson and Herman Wouk were dominating the lists long before the Captain's book was even in galleys.

Just the same, he's started something, and it now seems that almost anybody who's even tried on an aqua-lung at Abercrombie and Fitch has written or very soon will write a book about it. Several publishers have at least one diving book listed in their fall and winter catalogues, and I understand two or three others are scheduled for the early spring of 1954.

Captain Cousteau's is the first and best to appear so far. "We have tried," he declares in "The Silent World," "to find the entrance to the great hydrosphere because we feel that the sea age is soon to come." He makes an excellent case for his belief. What's more, he gives his readers a rare and wonderful sense of participation in his experiences, particularly when he is describing an almost unbearably real encounter with a shark, the exploration of a sunken Roman galley with its wine jars still intact, a herd of porpoises going through the straits of Gibraltar, and what he appropriately calls "the rapture of the depths," that exhilarating, half-drunken feeling a diver gets when he is 200 feet or more under water. His book is illustrated with a series of magnificent photographs, some in black-and-white, twenty in vivid color.

Excellent as Captain Cousteau's book is, there is a lot to be said for Philippe Diole's "The Undersea Adventure," particularly for those readers who, like Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday," want to read *about* rather than *by* the explorers of the ocean floor.

"The Undersea Adventure" begins with an account of the author's first look at life in the sea. After that, he writes with real enthusiasm about the love life of the whale, the history of diving, the sophistication of the more intelligent fish, and the reasons poetry—the kind Herman Melville wrote—is the most suitable medium for describing the sea.

HANS HASS's "Manta," the latest of the underwater books, is the least interesting. The black-and-white pictures are its best feature, and the text itself seems to have come as an afterthought. Dr. Hass made the trip to the Red Sea on which his book is based in 1949; why "Manta" is just now being published I can't imagine. Whatever the reason, it is a mistake.

Very little seems to have happened to Hass on his expedition, so little, in fact, that most of his text deals with his flight by a Swedish airline to Port Sudan (a dull trip), the kind of drinks he was served and how many (alcoholic and quite a few), the appearance and manners of the Sudanese (dark-skinned and polite), and what the Europeans he met said (nothing worth repeating). Much of the material is familiar to any subscriber to *The National Geographic*, and Dr. Hass has nothing very new or interesting to add. He is much more at home and far more entertaining when he discusses his diving descents, but he is understandably handicapped by the fact that, even under water, his adventures were limited. There is a good deal about the shark, but none of it is half so enthralling as the few pages Captain Cousteau devotes to the subject.

WHAT's more, except for the fact that it sounds like one of those low-budget adventure films which periodically turn up for a few days at the Rialto Theatre in New York and nowhere else, there seems to be no real reason for having called the book "Manta." Besides, the giant manta, or what is colloquially known as the "devil" ray, is harmless.

Dr. Hass's book ends somewhat hastily as he is on his way back to Vienna to prepare for a return to the Red Sea and to marry his secretary, an adventurous young lady who is something of a diver herself. He writes with modesty and considerable charm. When something interesting happens to him, he ought to be able to write quite a book; in fact, he already has. It is called "Diving to Adventure" (1951). Happily it, as well as "The Silent World" and "The Undersea Adventure," are still available.

—*From "Manta."*

Hans Hass—"quite a book."

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Tales of Morgan's Brethren

By George Woodbury

Mr. Woodbury, author of "The Great Days of Piracy in the West Indies," finds that two new books definitively distill the facts from the fiction of piracy: ***Patrick Pringle's "Jolly Roger"*** *(W. W. Norton. 294 pp. $3.95) and* ***Cyrus H. Karraker's "Piracy Was a Business"*** *(Richard R. Smith. 244 pp. $3.50).*

PIRACY, one of the senior sins of the human race, has enjoyed perennial popularity. Formerly this popularity was actual as well as vicarious; now it is vicarious only—perhaps. Perhaps, too, the fact that piracy is supposed to be extinct, while almost all other and equally antique misdemeanors continue to flourish as the green bay tree enhances this appeal. English-speaking peoples especially have always shown an active if morbid interest in the criminal, which time usually mellows into the pleasing aura which now surrounds the Robin Hoods, Dick Turpins, Captain Kidds, and even the James boys of popular fiction.

There have been several schools of thought about pirates. Contemporaries, writing of the most celebrated sea robbers of their time assumed the quite correct "ain't it awful!" attitude that still sits so well with the reading public. Historical novelists of a later, post-piratical age threw a romantic mantle about them until pirates acquired as stereotyped melodramatics as the cowboys of the early West—and the same historical accuracy. Now authors are tending toward a more realistic approach. While not in a cynical debunking humor, they do temper the hot winds of romance with the more sensible breeze of historical fact. Pirates appear more human and therefore much more plausible. In other words, piracy on the high seas of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries becomes understandable.

There are two principal sources of original data on the English pirates of the great age of piracy. There is the Public Records Office in London, stuffed with centuries of Admiralty records and reports. There are the National Archives in Washington and Colonial State Papers scattered throughout most of the states of the eastern seaboard. It is almost impossible for a single author to have equally easy access to both of these sources. So the coincidence is more than fortunate that Patrick Pringle's "Jolly Roger" and "Piracy Was a Business" should appear at the same time. One is the English angle and the other is the American angle of the same subject.

Mr. Pringle, already the chronicler of the highwaymen and the smugglers of his native England has now very naturally turned to pirates as their nearest of kin. He has carefully reconstructed from the English archive sources the most complete and comprehensive social history of piracy and the age in which it flourished that has yet been written. From Sir Francis Drake, pirate, whom success made into a national hero, to Bartholomew Roberts, the greatest pirate of them all, whom history forgot, the story of the great age of piracy is a connected narrative. "Jolly Roger" is a happy combination of accurate scholarship, good documentation, and a pleasing style that equates the personalities with the age in which they lived. For the most part they were brutal men well representing the brutal age in which they lived. Pirates were no social freaks; just the product of their times—like all other criminals. Pringle has dosed a good many romantic notions and errors about piracy with a pleasantly administered historical corrective.

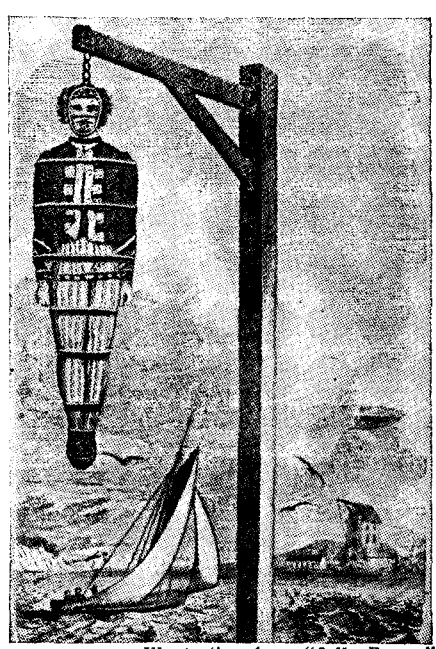
Thus the Elizabethan sea dogs that made England the mistress of the seas come down a trifle from their Homeric perch to become more human by being the less virtuous. Henry Morgan does not appear as a pirate at all, and Captain Kidd a character of doubtful villainy. Ferocious Blackbeard is served up as an essentially simple-minded exhibitionist with an excellent sense of theatre. But this reviewer can only regret the slight attention paid the "Female Pyrates," Ann Bonney and Mary Read, and the story of Libertatia, the pirate Utopia experiment. But after all a scholar is (and should be) bounded by his data—no documentation, no story. Just the same, they were good stories!

"Jolly Roger" reads well aloud, and that I think is the best test of a pleasing writing style.

"PIRACY. Was a Business," says Professor Karraker, and it certainly was. For criminals, then as now, do not indulge in hardship and risk of life and limb motivated by some queer kind of inverted joie de vivre. Sometimes, in reading Mr. Karraker's economic history of piracy, I wondered if perhaps business isn't piracy. So much is a matter of the laying on of governmentally official hands. It took much more than seagoing banditii to make piracy work. Unscrupulous businessmen, merchants, and government officials ashore were quite as essential. For pirates rather seldom captured cash at sea. The bulk of their loot was merchandise of a bewildering variety and quantity, all of which had value only in an orthodox market. This had to be "fenced" and Mr. Karraker demonstrates how consistently colonial big business depended upon the handling of piratically stolen goods.

"Piracy Was a Business" is a careful, accurate historical source book on the economic bases of piracy, but it is not the easiest reading for a public whose interests in the matter are more general. There is a good deal of footnote or "ibid" trouble which smacks of the textbook of evil memory to most of us. His sentences sometimes run a bit heavily upon their feet.

"Jolly Roger" and "Piracy Was a Business," one from the English and the other from the original American sources, one a social history and the other economic, cover the same territory. Between them they have pretty well boxed the piratical compass on about all the non-fiction that can now be written on pirates and the great age of piracy.



—Illustration from "Jolly Roger."

Captain Kidd hanging in chains.

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A Salty Mistress

By Robert Payne

In the past the sea repelled men; today it attracts them. In an attempt to fathom its ambivalence, Mr. Payne examines ***Carleton Mitchell's*** *collection of first-hand tales of the sea,* ***"Beyond Horizons"*** *(W. W. Norton, 312 pp. $3.95).*

MOST seamen have known a strange sense of ancestral memory when they are far from land, with only the ocean and the sky as their accomplices. Here, they say, we have our being and our home; here we are free, and the landlubbers can go to the devil, for what landlubber ever knew the perfect freedom we are enjoying? Certainly the recent spate of best sellers on the subject of the sea must have its origin in our desperate present search for a greater freedom.

Yet we forget that the desire to conquer the sea is comparatively recent. The Romans, who were logical, hated the sea as they hated volcanoes, and for the same reason—there was something terrifying, remorseless, and illogical in the sea's behavior; you could not trust her, and she was beyond taming, and her moods were as various as the moon's. And it is just possible that our present preoccupation with the sea derives from darker knowledge; perhaps we pay tribute to the sea simply because it is mysterious and terrifying.

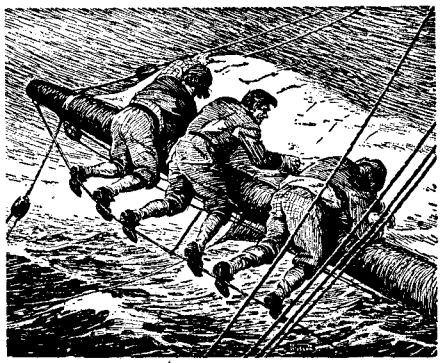
In "Beyond Horizons," a collection of writings about the sea, Carleton Mitchell is concerned to discover some of the reasons why men pit their puny strength against the sea. He tells the stories of the early seafarers, and if he comes to no certain conclusions, it is hardly his fault—the seafarers themselves, though they often write magnificently, were not always sure what they were about. The sea is an enemy, to be grappled with and fought to a standstill; it is also a friend; it is everything to all men. So he tells the story of the nine square-sailed ships which set out, under Sir George Somers, master of the *Sea-Venture*, to found a colony in Virginia in 1609 and found themselves to their astonishment in the path of "a most terrible and vehement storm, a West Indian *Horacano*" some hundreds of miles south of Virginia; in fact they grounded off the shore of Bermuda, then thought to be a dangerous island, so dreaded that men gave it a wide berth and feared it as the sailors in "The Tempest" feared the same enchanted coast.

The story, related by Sir Thomas Gates and Silvester Jourdain, is excellently told, and so it is with the other eight stories which are related for the most part by the sailors themselves, with informative explanations and asides by Carleton Mitchell, who has a talent for explaining such things quietly and without fuss. Captain Bligh's long haul is told at some length—perhaps too great a length, for seventy pages of the captain's diary is more than most of us can bear, and there is little to be gained by whitewashing sepulchres. Carleton Mitchell leaps passionately to the defense, and you would think from reading this account that no more saintly and exalted sailor ever sailed the four seas.

BUT if Captain Bligh's sea ventures are appallingly long, the chapter on Alexander Selkirk is far too short. We are given a brief glimpse of Selkirk diverting himself on Juan Fernandez by singing and dancing in his loneliness with his goats and his cats. Captain Woodes Rogers, ex-pirate and later governor of the Bahamas, tells the story of how Selkirk was found, "a man clothed in goatskins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them."

The account is racy and smacks of the seaman's tongue, and we need not pay too much attention to Carleton Mitchell's belief in the old chestnut about Daniel Defoe: that Selkirk came to him with the story of his life, and Defoe read it hurriedly and returned it, saying the story was worth nothing. The story remains entirely suspect, for it was written down first a hundred years after the event.

But this is a small complaint. Here is a hatch-full of stories of piracy and maroonings and some delectable tales of South Sea maidens on their first acquaintance with sailors and enough storms to fill a quiet landlubber's dreams, and even though at the end you may be no nearer a solution to the sea's riddles, you will be well rewarded, for seamen tell the best stories and Carleton Mitchell has allowed them to talk at their ease.



—*From "Beyond Horizons."*

Reefing the gallants in an ice storm.

Literary Sea-Devil

By Thomas E. Cooney

Mr. Cooney, who spent part of World War II as a Navy decoding officer marking enemy submarine positions on a map with red thumbtacks, learns the engrossing story behind one of those tacks from ***Heinz Schaeffer's "U-Boat 977"*** *(W. W. Norton. 260 pp. $3.50).*

AS A decoding officer on one of the escorts that guarded Allied convoys across the North Atlantic in the terrible winter of 1942-43, I had one invariable daily chore: to decode the long and depressing Intelligence report on enemy submarine positions. Usually I kept a chart of the North Atlantic on the bulkhead of the coding room so I could plot these positions from day to day with red thumbtacks.

On the compressed scale of the chart it often looked as if one could cross the ocean on foot by leaping from submarine to submarine. Clusters of them lay east of Newfoundland, south of Greenland, and south of Iceland; they extended in lines north and south across the main convoy routes, waiting for the labored passage of their prey. Implacable, persistent, and anonymous, those gathering red dots on the chart seemed to represent a force of nature. Only on the rare occasions when their hulls were hammered apart and their occupants dumped into the sea was it possible to remember that these submarines were operated by men—young, enthusiastic, and highly skilful men.

Heinz Schaeffer, a young German lieutenant, was aboard one of those red dots that winter, and now he tells us, in "U-Boat 977," what it was like for the enemy in the Battle of the Atlantic.

Making his third operational cruise of the war, he was already a tough veteran at the age of twenty-two; he was second in command of a U-boat that sank thousands of tons of merchant shipping, and torpedoed (he says) an American destroyer on Christmas Eve 1942. He put in many more months creeping up on convoys, blasting tankers, crash-diving away from airplanes, and groping around many fathoms beneath counterattacking destroyers while depth-charges exploded all about with great metallic clangs.

All of this he describes with a gusto that makes up for his lack of narrative art, but he needs little as-

(*Continued on page 35*)

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The Saturday Review

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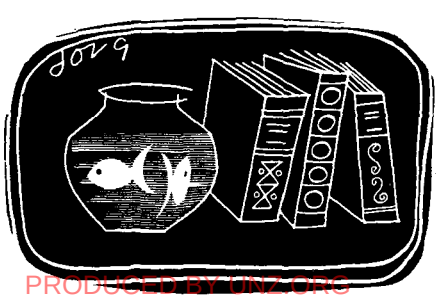
Hands Across the Sea Again

AT a moment when ill-advised public utterances have caused recrimination between England and America, no matter how slight and passing it may be, it is pleasant to learn of a plan for long-term tightening of good understanding between the two countries. Some few weeks ago there was introduced into Parliament, as a White Paper, a proposal, which has since been accepted, for the establishment of annual scholarships for United States students at British universities to be given in gratitude for Marshall Plan aid to the United Kingdom and in furtherance of good will between the Anglo-Saxon nations. These prospective scholarships, twelve in number, are to be bestowed for periods of two years with possible extension for another year on members of either sex under the age of twenty-eight who have completed three years of college education.

While the control and direction of the fund is to rest with a seven-member Marshall Aid Commemoration Commission to be set up in London, an Advisory Council to assist in the selection of candidates is to be formed in the United States with four regional subcommittees representing the East, the South, the Middlewest, and the Pacific, to have headquarters respectively in New York, New Orleans, Chicago, and San Francisco. Each scholarship carries a grant of around $1,540 a year, a sum which may be increased if cost-of-living conditions warrant to a maximum of $1,680. Married men are to receive an additional grant bringing their allowance up to $2,240. All scholarships are to be tax free and their recipients are to be chosen for distinction of intellect and character.

It needs no argument to demonstrate the value of such a project as this, as the long line of Rhodes scholars who hold England in affectionate memory could attest. But if its significance needs no laboring, its timeliness gives it added importance. In an era such as ours where great masses of humanity are allowed no freedom of judgment, where hatred and discord are doled out as part of national policy, to give opportunity to even a small group of individuals of one country to discover at first hand the qualities, motivations, and traditions of another is to sow seed which should yield a rich harvest. Each young American man or woman who is offered the chance of intimate contact with English youth, who is exposed to the intellectual climate which conditions their world, and who must inevitably come to realize something of the past of which the latter are so proud, becomes by the very fact of his induction into the mores and customs of Britain its exponent to his own countrymen. And since those chosen for such a project as the Marshall Scholarships would by the fact of their selection obviously be of superior ability and intelligence, they should prove emissaries well fitted to convey the character and spirit of one nation to the other, men and women specially equipped by breadth of mind and eagerness of interest to act as interpreters of perplexing situations which might arise between their countries.



BETWEEN Britain and the United States there do not exist, of course, certain of the barriers which separate nations of disparate tongue from one another. But in the very fact that a common language and a common heritage imply a common understanding lies danger of misunderstanding. For the American or the Briton is apt to interpret the act of the speech of the other in terms which he supposes to be identical for both while in reality under the familar seeming lie differences and distinctions. It is thus that on occasions the visitor from one land to the other is sharply taken aback, that he is puzzled or amused or angered by some unwitting slight or by what seems to him some absurdity or eccentricity in those whose reactions he has presumed always to be similar to his own. How frequently misunderstanding, sometimes perhaps ridiculous but nevertheless serious in its possibilities of discord, can arise, the many occasions during both world wars in which American and British soldiers were at odds over unimportant things attest.

It is a phenomenon of our age that the individual who in recent years has so often been forced to subordinate himself to the mass has at the same time had his orbit as an individual enormously extended. Where in the past his influence was in most instances bounded by his immediate environment, today by virtue of radio and television his personality and opinions can project themselves on a wide front. It is thus that Marshall Scholarships may be like pebbles thrown into a pool which send out widening ripples from shore to shore. The fortunate recipients of these grants will in all probability be a group whose qualifications not only make them deserving of the opportunity the Scholarships open up but a group which is articulate as well as observant, a source from which future writers, radio commentators, teachers, and men of affairs will be drawn. Returned to their own land these men and women should be an active force for happy relations between Britain and the United States, an increasing band as the years advance on which rests the obligation to foster good will between the Anglo-Saxon peoples. By the institution of such a project as the Marshall Scholarships the Marshall Plan has begun to pay dividends to the United States.

—A. L.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

STANDARD OIL AND PRICES

I NOTE Mr. Harold U. Faulkner's review of Alan Nevins's "Study in Power" in *SR*'s May 23 issue. He says:

> Through price leadership, trade associations, and other methods, "administrative prices" rather than competitive prices have been the rule. Business has learned how to live despite antitrust laws, but the consumer has gained little. Such is the result of seventy-five years of monopoly controversy centered around Standard Oil.

Interesting as it is, the final paragraph of this review should not go unchallenged. The conclusions set forth therein are utterly without foundation in fact.

For a quarter of a century the writer has headed the marketing operations of The Standard Oil Company of Ohio, the so-called "market leader" in that State. Its pricing policies were one of his primary responsibilities. If any one thing stands out from this experience it is that competition, and competition alone, sets the industry's price levels.

Today, the price to the public of our regular gasoline is twenty-and-one-tenth cents per gallon, ex-tax. During the 1920's this price was slightly higher. Today's product is far superior and far more expensive to manufacture than was the same product in that earlier day, but that is only the beginning of the story.

While the price of gasoline has remained fairly constant for thirty years, the price level of most other commodities has practically doubled. Everything considered, the price of gasoline today should be around fifty cents per gallon instead of twenty cents if its price had kept step with other things. How, then, can Mr. Faulkner conclude "the consumer has gained little"?

If, indeed, as Mr. Faulkner implies, it has been the function of marketing executives in the petroleum industry to fix prices and to defeat competition, they should all be fired on their record.

Price behavior in the Ohio market, including the records of my company, is an open book which anyone may read. Mr. Faulkner has an invitation to be our guest. It is no disgrace to make a mistake, but to continue a mistake in the face of facts is something else again. Mr. Faulkner has some unfinished homework.

A. A. STAMBAUGH,
Chairman of the Board
The Standard Oil Company.

Cleveland, O.

DECLINE OF COMPETITION

THE DECLINE of competition in many large industries is a commonplace to all economists. The question of whether the price of gasoline has or has not gone up 100 per cent as has that of many other commodities is beside the point. The fact is that the price to the consumer is the same no matter what brand he buys. Not only so, but the quality of the product of the various concerns is so close as to be without significance to the purchaser. If there is any competition it is largely in service not in price, but since all retailers presumably give the same service (or often as little of it as possible), this has little real importance. The chief competition is in advertising.

Mr. Stambaugh knows as well, or better, than I do why the price of gasoline has remained relatively stable and also why all concerns charge the same price in their areas. There are many other factors which determine price, at least in the oils, besides competition.

I stand on the paragraph I wrote. It is no attack on the oil industry as such. It is simply a comment on the fact that the antitrust acts have been of little value to the consumer. The position of the consumer with relation to the producer is far better in the oil industry than in many other products.

HAROLD U. FAULKNER.

Smith College
Northampton, Mass.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

BROTHERHOOD AND MAN

THE EDITORIAL "Has the Church Failed?" [*SR* Feb. 28] leads me to comment on religion and world brotherhood. . . . Would it not be possible for the true humanitarians of the world to unite in a movement, worldwide in its scope, recalling to all mankind what it instinctively knows to be true, yet has not been allowed to remember, that on every man's welfare depends the welfare of all?

Could not specific instructions be given to accomplish this end without violating the creed of any man who lives?

My status is housewife with a limited education, so it is impossible for me to go very far into the actual mechanics of a plan for presenting the one universal truth to mankind without tinge of partisan religion or politics. But since the truth itself lies in all human hearts, it does not appear an impossible task to bring it to the conscious mind of all mankind through modern methods of communications. Are not all men born in travail? Cannot all men feel the pains of hunger and fear? Do some men suffer less from cruelty and disease than others? Do failure and death mean less to you than to me? Just as surely as the answers to these questions should unite human endeavor, so just as surely through the ages has man been twisting these truths to gain spiritual and material security for his particular group. Today it must be possible to expound and develop the theme of universal fellowship simultaneously throughout the world in such a way that all mankind can accept their inborn knowledge without prejudice.

VIRGINIA GRAHAM.

Cresskill, N. J.

BIGGER FRUITS

IN HIS ARTICLE "The Fruits of Philanthropy" Walter P. Paepcke makes the statement that "we all know that an individual can make contributions up to 15 per cent of his income and they will be tax deductible" [*SR* April 4].

Although this was true in the past, for tax years beginning after December 31, 1951 the allowable deduction is now 20 per cent. This was changed by PL 465, 82nd Congress, 2nd Session, approved July 8, 1952.

NATHAN COHN.

New York, N. Y.

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Seeing Things

KEEP IT GAY

—Eileen Darby—Graphic House.

Bill Hayes and Isabel Bigley—"gifted and attractive."

BROADWAY, so often a shoddy area, can be counted on to regain its lost luster whenever Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II go to work. No two people in our theatre have served it better, achieved and merited such triumphs in it, or loved it more unstintingly. Fortunately, their love for it has been an ill-kept secret in every one of their previous productions. In "Me and Juliet" they are not only writing from that love but about it. The theatre this time is their theme no less than their setting.

Their concern is the world of the backstage, that factory of magic which is inexhaustible in the fascination it holds for those nourished by the illusion it produces. Once during the evening the scene is the company manager's office; once the lobby where, in an hilarious episode, an audience is overheard at intermission time; and once in a nearby bar. The rest of the action takes place on the far side of the footlights, in a dressing-room, on a light bridge above a stage where electricians are at work, at rehearsals, during a performance, or at the stage door.

What a good fire means to an arsonist, what a perfect crime meant to De Quincey, what an opened abdomen means to a surgeon, intimate views of the realm behind the curtain mean to the stagestruck. It is on a privileged tour of the inner mysteries of the temple that Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein take playgoers in "Me and Juliet," at the same time that they are telling two love stories against the background of a play-within-a-play.

This inner sanctum of make-believe is brilliantly materialized by Jo Mielziner in settings which are as ingenious in solving complicated engineering problems as they are visually beguiling in color, composition, and simplicity. Mr. Mielziner conquers all the usual physical limitations of the theatre. Due to him, scenes change as easily as sequence follows sequence in a motion picture. Equally enchanting to the eye are Irene Sharaff's costumes.

"ME and Juliet" can claim its other and abundant virtues. Moreover, they are of a very high order of excellence and are captivating in their quality. There is nothing drearier than reducing the pleasures of a musical comedy to that catalogue of credits which gratitude no less than tradition requires. But who am I to break with so venerable a tradition, especially when in this case I have such good reasons for being grateful?

Mr. Rodgers's music, vigorously orchestrated by Don Walker, is lively, fresh, and charming. It is at its best, and an ingratiating best it is, in "Keep It Gay," "Marriage Type Love," and "The Big, Black Giant," a song written from the heart and concerned with that fearsome monster, a theatre audience. Mr. Hammerstein's lyrics are warmhearted, witty, and skilful. George Abbott's direction has the expected drive and is adroit in its mixture of comedy and suspense. Robert Alton's dances are spirited and original releases for the engaging young people who perform them. And, in the leading parts, Joan McCracken, Ray Walston, Bill Hayes, Isabel Bigley, and Mark Dawson are all gifted and attractive.

If, through these paragraphs of praise, the threat of coming reservations has made itself felt, I am afraid the moment has arrived when these reservations insist upon making their appearance. Though real, from my point of view they are minor. If they keep "Me and Juliet" from being in

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*ME AND JULIET, a new musical comedy. Music by Richard Rodgers. Books and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd. Directed by George Abbott. Scenery and lighting by Jo Mielziner. Costumes by Irene Sharaff. Vocal and orchestral arrangements by Don Walker. Dances and musical numbers staged by Robert Alton. Presented by Rodgers and Hammerstein. With a cast including Isabel Bigley, Bill Hayes, Joan McCracken, Ray Walston, Mark Dawson, Jackie Kelk, etc. At the Majestic Theatre, New York City. Opened May 28, 1953.

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the class with "Oklahoma!," "South Pacific," and "The King and I," they by no means keep it from being an exceptionally entertaining and beautifully professional musical.

THE reservations I have in mind have to do, not with Mr. Hammerstein's outer story, but with his inner story. He tells his outer story sharply and well. It is as rich in its affectionate laughter at the ways and foibles of the world backstage as it is effective in unfolding its melodramatic yarn about an insanely jealous electrician who is a killer type. The play-within-this-play is supposed to be a musical comedy called "Me and Juliet," which is already in the midst of a successful run. Just why this musical should have succeeded is not made clear. To parallel the story of the outer drama, it starts off slowly in allegorical terms by dividing women into Juliets and Carmens, and men into Romeos and Don Juans. Thereafter it never makes up its mind whether it is written as a satire or in earnest.

The last thing I want to do, however, is to overemphasize the reservations raised by the confusing of this inner play. It seems to me only honorable to indicate that it is no worse than the play-within-a-play which William Shakespeare wrote for "Hamlet," and no more baffling than portions of "The Cocktail Party," a lecture on poetry by Dr. Edith Sitwell, or a discussion of a novelist's problems by Elizabeth Bowen. In other words, it is in good company. Far more to the point, to my way of thinking, is that this play-within-a-play is an insignificant part of a very good evening.

My colleagues begin to alarm me by the seriousness with which they write about the books of musicals. Judges in ancient Athens, having to choose at the City Dionysia between the merits of new tragedies by Sophocles and Euripides, could not be graver than some of these Broadway aisle-sitters in their appraisals of works meant only to pass the time and give pleasure. Of course, Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein must be blamed for this. Their best works, being masterpieces of their kind, have spoiled us all. But that is no justification for our spoiling our own fun or the fun of others by dismissing outstanding musicals just because as works of literature they are not the blood brothers in spirit or intention of the "Medea," "Macbeth," or, for that matter, "When We Dead Awaken."

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Bookmarks

EVERYBODY, but everybody, knows the first and last lines of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" without being exactly certain who Sir John Moore was or what he did: "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note" and "But we left him alone with his glory!" And who wrote it? Southey? Moore? Hood? Campbell? Byron? Tennyson? All wrong. The author was an Irish curate named Charles Wolfe (no kin of the Gray-reciting general), who was born in 1791 and died untimely in 1823, warmed by no parting hint that there was stored up for him that all but anonymous immortality usually reserved for one-poem poets. The whole strange story is lucidly and excitingly set forth by Harold A. Small in a fifty-page pamphlet recently published by the University of California Press and marketed at seventy-five cents, which makes it admirable low-cost entertainment for those (and they are many) who enjoy wandering down the more obscure bypaths of letters in the hope of flushing the unusual.

* * *

A British luxury train is drawn by a locomotive named William Shakespeare. See "Two Gentlemen of Verona," iii, 1, 138.

* * *

Pondering the small type in our fire-insurance policy, we were startled to learn that the contract is not designed to cover, "unless specifically named hereon in writing, bullion or manuscripts." Which you would grab first, if the flames started crackling, would depend on who you were.

* * *

The report that a new magazine has begun publication which does not include in its contents a reducing program involving no diminution in eating is without foundation.

* * *

How did the bat get *into* hell?

—J. T. W.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Empire—From "Strawberries" to "Ravioli"

SIXTY years ago, before the meat-packing era in which the majority of Broadway playhouses were constructed, New York's oldest legitimate theatre first opened its doors at the corner of 40th Street and Broadway. The Empire was a truly theatrical theatre, designed to make the experience of theatregoing as much of a treat as a box of Louis Sherry bon-bons. No theatre built since has equaled its elegant charm; the theatres of the future, comfortable and beautiful as they may be, will intentionally avoid its musky gentility.

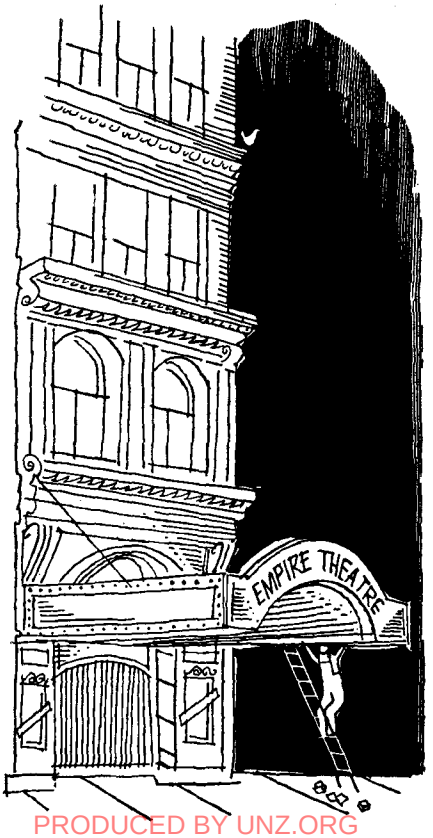
As this magazine goes to press, the Empire is being dismantled preparatory to demolition. Its furnishings will go to the Barter Theatre in Abingdon, Virginia. There were many tears about the forthcoming loss of this New York landmark, but the practical minds of realtors and estate managers discouraged the few weak attempts to save the building. Heir to the title "oldest-active-legitimate-theatre-in-New-York" is the Lyceum on West 45th Street, which opened in the fall of 1903. While the Lyceum is slightly hallowed with worn velvet and marble, it is hardly a worthy successor to the favorite theatre of almost every person who has attended it or appeared on its stage.

To celebrate the Empire's funeral as it lay dying, ANTA arranged a program of scenes from some of the more prominent attractions that had played there. The choice of scenes was restricted by the unavailability of the stars who had played in them originally. Some of the stars such as Maude Adams and Marie Doro would not venture even to take a bow, preferring to be remembered as they were. Others like Ethel Barrymore, Katharine Cornell, and Helen Hayes had commitments elsewhere that would have made their presence difficult, and their performance almost impossible. And, of course, there were many such as Sarah Bernhardt, Leslie Howard, and Gertrude Lawrence who had, as the Empire was about to, separated themselves from the fortune-ridden impermanence of the living.

However, enough remained of those who did volunteer to give a reasonable facsimile of the Empire's glorious history. Edna Wallace Hopper, whose age is estimated somewhere between eighty-five and eighty-nine, completed the extraordinary feat of appearing in both the first and last attractions to be offered at this theatre. Carrying her years on margin, she tripped about with a pailfull of berries in a scene from "The Girl I Left Behind Me," the play that opened the Empire. The high point of the scene comes when the young swain, who has just rinsed the strawberry juice off his hands, is invited to dry them on the petticoat of the girl he has just met. He does so with his eyes politely averted in the other direction, declaring, "I must say you are the soul of hospitality." This line tells us a great deal about the pre-O'Neill American drama.

By way of contrast, the theatre's present and final tenant, Shirley Booth, appeared in the "ravioli" scene from "The Time of the Cuckoo." The conventions of wooing and acting have changed.

Moving somewhat chronologically, ANTA presented scenes from "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Camille," "The Honor of the Family," "Romeo and Juliet," "Oliver Twist," "The Animal Kingdom," "Life With Father," "The Old Maid," "Twelfth Night," and "Mamba's Daughters." In most cases prominent contemporary actors substituted for the originals.



Of the substituted performances, perhaps the most effective was Clarence Derwent's disciplined and colorful portrayal of Fagin in "Oliver Twist." The scene also introduced Marian Seldes, an exciting and powerful young actress who played Nancy Sikes.

BUT there could not help but be a greater nostalgia to those scenes in which the original actors returned for one last time to the place of their triumph. Howard Lindsay's "home again" entrance line in "Life With Father" had a double meaning for him and his wife, Dorothy Stickney, who spent so many years together at the Empire. And Ethel Waters, who through sheer faith projects more of herself across the footlights than any actress on our stage today, seemed to be saying, "In spite of all your compliments, I've had only two dramatic triumphs in my career and they were both here at this theatre." The applause was so tremendous after her reprise from "Mamba's Daughters" that she consented to an unprogrammed encore. Brandon de Wilde came onstage, snuggled in her lap, and began to carol "I sing because I'm happy" just as he had three years ago in "Member of the Wedding." Since the hymn was not only the keystone of the play, but had also been brought to it by Miss Waters herself, the moment was truly hers. As she sang through the words, "His eye is on the sparrow and I know He watches me," Miss Waters soothed the condemned building with the serenity of her personal acceptance of physical mortality.

While Miss Waters's performance was the most moving, the evening owed its staying power to its mistress of ceremonies, Cornelia Otis Skinner. Armed with charm, wit, and a distinguished theatre lineage, Miss Skinner told pertinent anecdotes, summarized plots, and read telegrams. She held the audience by showing her human fallibility. But perhaps most important of all she appeared neither too young nor too old, and was acquainted with the past without living in it as do so many actresses. In speaking of "The Animal Kingdom," she mentioned that the heroine had committed "an *indiscretion*, as it was called in those pre-Kinsey days." But her smile at old-fashioned conventions was an affectionate one, with a drop of sadness for a new generation which would never know the delightful wickedness that could exist only in a decorous world, the kind of world to which the Empire belonged.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Accenting the Off-Beat

SOME of the new films around these days would seem to be just the thing for palates becoming jaded by a steady fare of standardized perfection. Not epics, not extravaganzas, these are pictures marked by a fresh approach, and a certain roughness, a crude earnestness is not the least of their recommendations. They are all, to use a cautious critic's word, interesting. And although each in one way or another falls somewhat short of ideal movie making, there are other, compensating qualities. From the Philippines, for example, comes **"Genghis Khan"** (United Artists), a romanticized account of that half-legendary Chinese conqueror's formative years, but omitting none of the bloodshed commonly associated with his name. Primitive in most respects—including acting, make-up, sound, and processing—it still has moments of curiously impressive power and intensity, a delight in the sheer production of a film.

Manuel Conde, the young Filippino who produced, directed, wrote, and stars in "Genghis Khan," was in town recently and told me a few things, not only about his own picture but about Philippine films in general. Since his is the first to put in an appearance on these shores, it was a bit staggering to learn that there has been an industry on the islands since 1925 employing about 6,000 people, that production averages a hundred pictures a year, and that the 500 Philippine theatres supply sufficient audiences to make the industry prosperous solely through home consumption. One of Conde's first independent productions, a comedy called "Lazy John" based on Philippine folklore, actually made its costs back in its first playdate. There are, he said, some eighty-five independents making pictures in the Philippines, in addition to four large studios, all centering about Manila. Production runs in cycles, as in America, with comedies, adventure, and action films the recurrent favorites.

Since the war, Philippine films have been going to Singapore, Malaya, and the Far East; "Genghis Khan" was the first to be entered in any of the great European festivals. Its reception last year at Venice—and probably recollections of the success of a previous Festival winner, "Rashomon." in this country—made United Artists decide to take it for American distribution. "Genghis Khan," alas, is not another "Rashomon," but a worthy enough introduction for this stranger to the family of film producing nations. Incidentally, the dialogue is in the native Tagalog; from time to time the sound is turned down and the action explained in an English narration written by James Agee, a technique that works out rather nicely.

* * *

Italy's skilled and controversial novelist Curzio Malaparte, reputedly a Fascist and collaborator during the last war, now turns film maker—writer, director *and* composer!—to present a strong, almost compulsive argument for human understanding and forgiveness. **"Strange Deception"** (Casino) is concerned with an Italian prisoner of war who, returning home after ten years, vows vengeance upon the collaborator responsible for the death of his brother. To his astonishment, he finds the people of his village cold to this noble and time-honered sentiment. They have had enough of war, enough of killing. Not even his mother will reveal the name of her son's betrayer. And as the young man continues his search alone, the film explores such philosophic concepts as the nature of justice and salvation, the suffering of both the innocent and the guilty. Eventually, realizing that the man is not to be swayed from his course, a friend, a Christ-like carpenter, confesses that he was the collaborator, only to deny his confession with his dying breath. By his sacrifice, he says, the sacrifice of an innocent, he atones for the guilty, just as the innocent slain and maimed in the war have atoned for the guilt of all of those who brought the war upon us.

Techincally again, "Strange Deception" is far from perfect. Its transitions are abrupt, its photography dark and grainy, and Malaparte's music is frequently obtrusive. Nor is Malaparte's plea for Christian charity likely to sit well with those who remember the war and its suffering, and believe that only positive action can avert a recurrence of the horrors of Nazism and Fascism. And yet this film is often persuasive, strong in its images, intense in its feeling. Photographed in and around Siena, it seems haunted by a mystic past dominating the lives of today. The final sequence, with the

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real collaborator begging for the mercy of death while the agonized hero finds himself unable to pull the trigger on his enemy, has been realized on the high plane of true tragedy. Whether one admires Malaparte or not, there is a very real satisfaction in watching a film that obviously means a great deal to its creator.

* * *

Impressive is also the word that best describes **"Martin Luther"** (De Rochemont). Filmed in Germany for the Lutheran Church and intended for theatrical distribution, it re-creates dramatically and with a fine sense of history the crowded years between Luther's entrance into an Augustinian monastery as a humble novice, his break with the Roman Church at the Diet of Worms, and the decisive Augsburg Confessions. No attempt is made to touch upon the Peasant Wars and, indeed, the picture at all times stays closer to the religious than the political and social issues of the period. Even so, Luther emerges as a man, human and understandable, not as simply a theological text. No small part of the success of this portrait is due to the truly inspired performance of the British actor Niall MacGinnis. His reading of Luther's speeches, many of them direct translations from historical documents, suggest far more than mere acting.

* * *

Not all off-beat films need be produced outside the environs of Hollywood and Vine, however. One of the most unconventional pictures to come along in many a year is Stanley Kramer's **"5,000 Fingers of Dr. T"** (Columbia). It's a sophisticated fantasy, tough and mean. It doesn't even speak nicely of mothers—at least, not of mothers who force their children to practise piano when they would rather play ball. Based on a story by Dr. Seuss, it tells the problem of young Tommy Rettig who hates to practise, and hates especially to practise for his music teacher, Dr. Terwilliker. Tommy slips into a troubled dream world dominated by Dr. T, a world of dungeons for those doomed to a life of music (the violins, piccolos, and trombones are confined in its nethermost reaches). Five hundred boys have been enrolled here by their doting mothers to play a Terwilliker composition, "Happy Fingers," on a vast piano that fills an entire city square. Unless Tommy can convince Mr. Zabladowski, an "independent contractor" called in to supervise the plumbing, that Dr. T is a fiend incarnate, they all may spend the rest of their lives practising at the giant keyboard. What is worse, Tommy's own mother, pretty Mary Healy, is also under Dr. T's spell, his right-hand "man."

On this level, the fantasy is splendidly childlike. The kids all go about wearing blue beanies with a "happy fingers" hand affixed to them. Dr. T wears his baton in a sword-like sheath. There are endless corridors that lead nowhere, stairways that climb out into space. A ballooning shirt makes an adequate parachute. But for the adults in the audience there are also delightful Frederick Hollander songs with neatly satiric lyrics by Dr. Seuss, a highly imaginative ballet staged by Eugene Loring, and excitingly designed costumes and settings. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

—From "Genghis Kahn."

Manuel Conde plays the wounded Caesar of Karakorum.

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TV AND RADIO

The Lucky English Air

THE LISTENER, the BBC magazine published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation, brings me face to word each week with British radio and television. It reaches me, compactly folded in a yellow paper wrapper, via my RFD mailbox. The articles in it consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks given over the BBC, accompanied by an editorial, a crossword, poems, letters to the editor, book reviews, suggestions for the housewife, and advertisements—the last the closest approximation to the sponsored message permitted near Broadcast House, headquarters of the BBC.

I found the following titles in a recent issue: "South Africa After the Election"; "Love Among the Butterflies"; "Hellenism and the Modern World"; "God and the Unconscious." "The World and the West," Arnold Toynbee's Reith Lectures given over the BBC in 1952, were first printed in current issues of *The Listener;* and of late I have thoroughly enjoyed and found very readable—because they were written to be spoken and the spoken word is a simplifier of literary style—articles on world myths and legends, democratic education, the obscurity and inspiration of modern poetry, the cult of evil contemporary literature, and the problems of three-dimensional films.

As an ardent fan of "Dragnet" and Groucho Marx, I find it difficult to adjust: this is not a scholarly journal embracing all the disciplines of science and art: this is merely a sampling of what the various services of the BBC offer regularly and at convenient listening times to England's "cultivated minority." "Critic on the Hearth," weekly comments on BBC programs by independent contributors, is a feature in *The Listener*'s back pages. The programs are divided into four sections: Television, Broadcast Drama, The Spoken Word, and Broadcast Music.

You are mistaken if you think that British televiewers (two million receiving sets) enjoy wholly satisfactory experiences whenever they watch a program simply because the heavy, head-counting hand of the advertiser is not at the controls of their Government-run radio-TV. *The Listener*'s television critics are often—as are their American counterparts — serpents' teeth in tweeds. Philip Hope-Wallace, one of the critics, writing, apparently after an enforced indulgence in the Sixth Freedom, the freedom from looking, has this to say: "It is nice to come back to television and find it not a dream, not an illusion, but exactly what one remembered: puppets, a horse race in a Scotch mist which mysteriously robbed us of sight at the crucial moment, a lady playing the piano from all possible angles (or rather, seen from all possible angles while playing it), and a lot of energetically revived-looking drama."

REGINALD POUND, another TV critic, commenting on a discussion program, writes: "The more one sees of one's fellow men on these occasions the more one realizes the futility of nine-tenths of human self-expression. The number of those who have something to say is smaller even than those who know how to say it." Again, considering the problems of the TV documentary: "Television's present deficiency is in ideas for programs rather than in techniques for presenting them." Satire can be sharp, indeed. A critic, reviewing "yet another lolloping trot through the *Schweinhund* country of resistance melodrama," writes: "'Chin Up' is a useful rallying cry in some situations; but it can be overdone as a camera angle. Indeed, Mr. Colicos (an actor) went to the length of spending the whole interval lying in a stupor of fatigue in the woods, unwakened either by sub-titles which said 'Interval' across the bridge of his nose, or Dr. Ludwig Koch's vociferous birds, or even the 'fearful bell' which recalls us from the bathroom when the drama is about to grind into action again."

Lest they be taken out of context, the TV critics of *The Listener* are often pleased. They speak of a play "grappling successfully with the attention of a new audience," of "cameras [at the lying-in-state of Queen Mary at Westminster Hall] using their opportunity with admirable restraint, as of a privilege not to be abused," and of "the good name which the drama side of television has earned by its Shakespearean presentations."

Radio listeners to the BBC seem to fare, on the whole, considerably better than those who watch TV. Radio has not become there, as here, merely the hind end of a technological straddle. Actors and audiences enjoy strong meat. J. C. Trewin, the Broadcast Drama critic, has this to say about an actress who played Sophocles's "Electra": "Joan Hart's voice, as Electra, could offer both 'the flash of a sword and the beauty of a flower': more often it burned like a red-hot coal." Of an Eire-fairy play, he writes: "It is the gayest, most contagious midsummer night's dream. The voices of . . . all the Irish rout, haunt the room still, a week after the event."

Narrower seems to be the gap between the pleasures of serious Broadcast Music overseas and here. Of interest to high-fidelity enthusiasts in this country is the familiar controversy over "the sounds issuing from the miserable little box," which raised up its head in a recent Broadcast Music critique by Dyneley Hussey. He writes feelingly on the matter "because for the past week, I have had to rely upon a comparatively little box, not a 'miserable' one but one which does not give the quality of reproduction to which I am accustomed. So, although I could hear that the BBC Orchestra was playing well under its old chief, Sir Adrian Boult, and that Norman Fulton's 'Sinfonia Pastorale' was a skilfully scored composition in the 'light' style, I cannot say that I obtained any profound pleasure from my listening to this and other programs."

READING Martin Armstrong, critic of The Spoken Word, regularly, I get the impression that consistently the best things on the BBC are the talks. The complete spectrum of critical superlative are in his commentaries. "So far I have heard four of these enthralling talks ('The Values of Primitive Society')." "The only fault I have to find with V. S. Pritchett's talks called 'Down the East Coast of Spain' is that there were only two of them, just enough to rouse a ravenous appetite for more." Even a talk on economics "turned out to be not only very revealing but very absorbing, too."

There is a rare dubious note, such as: "I have left myself no room to express the mixed feelings induced by the Senior English lesson which released me in time to sow some spinach." But the critic sums up the affair when he writes: "I have touched on less than half of the outburst of talk, almost all of it talk of a high quality, which filled the air last week."

Lucky English air! If you cannot hear it with the listening ear, you may read it, if you wish. Subscriptions to *The Listener* should be sent to the BBC Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent. Annual rate £1.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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IDEAS ON FILM

Reviewer's Notebook

I HAVE been asked to comment upon the job of selecting and reviewing 16mm. films. Fortunately, the rules of this game are flexible and, since I make them for myself, it is a simple matter for me to change them as I go along. But after four years of looking at films and writing about them for this magazine, some semblances of system have been evolved and I pass them along to others who for one reason or another are engaged in picking out 16mm. films to call to the attention of other people. A fair amount of responsibility goes in to selecting any commodity for other people's consumption, but not so much responsibility that one must sacrifice personal opinion and individual limitations for anonymity and pseudo-scientific standards. My own methods, it will appear, are personal, flexible, and as such require a reasonable margin for error.

The first decision I must make is in selecting films to look at. Usually I see ten or twelve films a week, this being about the limit of my capacity. Since I am concerned primarily with films of general interest, I can automatically disqualify many technical and how-to-do-it films. Certain subjects, on the other hand, seem so worthwhile that I try to see everything pertaining to them—national politics, current international problems, the arts, education, child care, and the like. Other subjects are perhaps equally important, but the productions tend to be so stereotyped that it is no longer profitable for me to look at all the films individually—films on travel, on various industrial organizations, on recreational activities, and newsreelish events. I sample them from time to time to see what efforts are being made to break away from the stereotype.

Some producers and directors have turned out such outstanding work in the past that I feel it imperative to see everything they may have a hand in—Willard Van Dyke, Irving Jacoby, Norman McLaren, the UPA people, Alan Shilin, George Stoney, Alexander Hammid, to name a few. I feel the same about some of the younger film-makers whose early films have shown such promise that their works are to be followed with sustained interest—Frank Stauffacher, James Broughton, Herman Engel, and others. The camera work of Peter Glushanok and Richard Leacock, to name an outstanding pair, is always so handsome that I cannot resist seeing any film they have photographed.

Then there are films from other countries, such as those distributed here through the British Information Services, the National Film Board of Canada, and A. F. Films, whose influence upon production in this country has been so profound that I must keep up with every major release they have to offer. The films of the Mental Health Film Board and of the Twentieth Century Fund, for example, are also important because of the urgency and maturity of the problems they deal with.

EVEN so, there are any number of films I skip over in making these first choices. Sooner or later one cannot help hearing of a particularly outstanding film. Even producers and distributors, whose words about their own films usually involve high-flown adjectives, can let it be known with some vibrantly sincere tone of voice or letter when they have a film that is really special.

It is generally unsatisfactory for me to screen a film in the presence of people who made it, sponsored it, distribute it, or in any other way have a vested interest. After all, it is up to the film to tell its own story, for better or worse. Of course it is important to consider, from the film-maker's point of view, what went into the film—its aims and concepts, and the various techniques used in striving to fulfill them. But equally important to the audience is what comes out of the film—its actual accomplishments and contents, and the various techniques which contribute to or detract from them. I feel that the role of the reviewer is to see the film from both sides—what went in and what comes out.

While it is always helpful to hear the opinions of other people about a certain film, it has always seemed to me that the relationship is ultimately a close one between film and individual. It is not the duty of a reviewer to try to guess what an audience, or every conceivable audience, will like. A reviewer can only set up standards, indicate them to his readers, and proceed from there. My own standards are elusive enough. I do know, however, that they recompose themselves for each individual film—they are not ready-made yardsticks by which I can conveniently hold up to each film that comes along.

When it comes to writing the actual reviews, I try to give a balanced picture of what the film actually contains and my total reaction to it. Here are a few examples of how I go about it, and my thoughts as I work.

"Song of the Prairie" (16 min., color), distributed for purchase only through Official Films, Grand and Linden Avenues, Ridgefield, New Jersey; available for rental from Contemporary Films, 13 E. 37th Street, New York 16, N. Y. The first thing that caught my attention about this film, even before I had seen it, was that it had been made by the Czech State Film, and was described as a satire on Hollywood Westerns. Someone whose opinion I value had seen it and told me that it was an extremely funny film. How funny can it be, I wondered, this satire of American movies coming from behind the Iron Curtain? After seeing it I had collected the following evidence on my reactions to the film, by way of notes taken during the screening: "Made by George (?) Trynka, using the same delightful puppet techniques as in his 'Emperor's Nightingale.' Charming pantomime story of a Hollywood horse-opera—witty, sparkling, unrelentingly funny. If this was intended as propaganda, it certainly missed its mark. Delightful music. Pace and spirit are always charming, never bitterly satirical. Grand entertainment."

SEEING "Song of the Prairie" a second time, with a theatre-packed audience of Cinema 16 members, I had a chance to have my reactions confirmed. The laughter was uncontrolled and hilarious. While there is nothing I enjoy more than hearing an audience applaud a film I had considered excellent (except perhaps hearing hisses for a film which had seemed to me unpardonably dull or insipid), still these are only later substantiations of one's own judgment.

It isn't enough to say what a film tries to do. "Julius Caesar" (96 min.) is an example of a wonderfully ambitious film, made on a shoestring and all that, but still and all pretty much of a bore. For the people who made it (David Bradley now working for M-G-M, and Charlton Heston now a Hollywood star of some standing), it was a remarkable accomplishment. But to an individual spectator who cannot afford to be concerned with the handicaps that were circumvented in making the film, it turns out to be absurd, dull, and, I must add, impressive in its varied spottiness. This is how I remember the film. My only written note said merely, "Ambition should be made of

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sterner stuff." ("Julius Caesar" is distributed by Brandon Films, 200 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.)

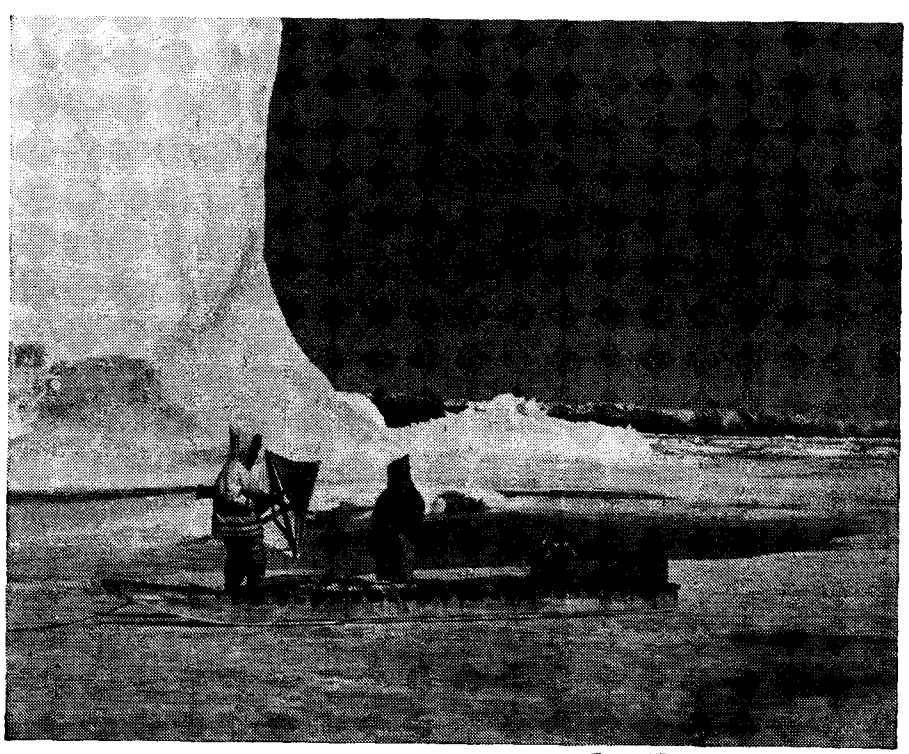
"Pacific 231," so my notes inform me, is a film about railroad tracks and trains, motion and rhythms of trains set to the railroad music of Arthur Honegger, personal, dizzy-making at times, nice scenes of tracks converging and separating, a little over-done, but a fascinating *tour de force* in movie editing. It isn't enough, in writing the review, to say that the film deserves commendation for its successes in experimental editing without adding that the total effect is somewhat forced, and the speed of the whole thing sometimes makes the stomach turn. (Distributed by Young America Films, 18 East 41st Street, New York 17, N. Y.)

Another film on the same subject, "The Train" (13 min.), offers itself for easy comparison. Made by Gosta Werner for the Swedish Railways (and distributed here by Films of the Nations, 62 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.), the following excerpts from my notes are what I would take into consideration: "Boy looking at travel pictures—train pulls out—diesel—couple kiss goodbye—lots of detail, no narration, tracks from rear and front—crossing bridge, horses in field gallop away, water under train bridge, lovely views of water and woods as seen from train—clouds—switching tracks, signals, wheels and diverging tracks, rain on engine's window—boy looks out—music is good—man asleep at home hears whistle, thinks of train in the night—film has a good all-over feeling—snow in mountains—more reflections in the water—Lapp boy watches train go by, leans down on track and listens to hum after train has gone—end." Disjointed as these notes are (I find no consistency at all in the kind or volume of notes I take), they help remind me of the film's somewhat disjointed quality, its fine use of external views, its lack of concern with "effect," and my own feeling that the film is a more enjoyable experience than the art-conscious "Pacific 231." I realize that I enjoyed "The Train" for many different reasons and on several different levels. Since it appeals to my sense of sophistication and my love of simplicity, it seems likely to me that children will like it as well as grown-ups will.

AN all-around excellent film is always harder to think and write about than one whose defects or limitations are quite apparent. The ingredients of a well-integrated production are so closely woven one into the other that describing the total effect and analyzing the parts of the whole require a great deal of time and labor. Such a film is "Land of the Long Day" (38 min., color), a story of life among the Eskimos of Baffin Island, written and directed by Douglas Wilkinson for the National Film Board of Canada (1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.). I would like to say merely, "See it, everyone." I saw it once and just looked. At my second screening, I took profuse notes on content, arrangement, and feeling. Scene after scene aroused my admiration for the skills involved in making the film and the love that guided the entire effort. My three pages of closely handwritten notes give such reactions as these: "The film sings . . . amazingly beautiful expanses . . . wonderful faces . . . movement, always wonderful movement . . . excellently conceived in detail and in the whole . . . wonderful blues and white in the landscape . . ."

From such unscientific efforts as these, I try to compose reviews that will be of interest and value to people who haven't seen the films, haven't heard of them, or perhaps don't even know what the documentary non-theatrical type of film is about. With the space limitations which fortunately determine the number of films I can review, I am forced to concentrate on those films which seem to me noteworthy for one or another feature. Sometimes I realize too late that I have been wasting my time with films that really should have been ignored in the first place. Sometimes I find that I have changed my mind about some aspect of a given film, for better or for worse. But this is all part of the job, and ahead of me there is always next month's column to prepare.

—CECILE STARR.



—*From "Land of the Long Days."*

"The film sings . . . amazingly beautiful expanses . . . wonderful expanses."

16 mm. News

SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINE, through the efforts of its audio-visual editor, Vera Falconer, has for the past several years presented awards to the 16mm. films voted "outstanding" by its panel of judges. This year's winners, listed alphabetically, are "The Children" (United Nations), "Fears of Children"* (Mental Health Film Board), "The High Wall"* (McGraw-Hill Text-Films), "It Takes Everybody to Build This Land"* (Encyclopaedia Britannica Films), "Out of True"* (British Information Services), "The Outsider"* (Young America Films), "People Along the Mississippi"* (Encyclopaedia Britannica Films), "Speech: Conducting a Meeting" (Young America Films), "Squeak the Squirrel"* (Churchill-Wexler Films), and "The Story of Time"* (Cornell Films).

Winners in a separate classification of industry-sponsored films are "Diesel Story" (Shell Oil Company), "The Dupont Story" (Modern Talking Picture Service), "Fallen Eagle"* (Alan Shilin Productions), "Greentree Thoroughbred" (Movies, U.S.A.), "Opportunity, USA" (Modern Talking Picture Service), "Powering America's Progress" (Bituminous Coal Institute), "Story of Research" (DuPont), "Your Money is What

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You Make it" (National Association of Manufacturers).

The asterisk indicates that a review of the film has appeared in this magazine, and the parenthetical name is that of the distributor.

* * *

Another kind of popularity poll, recently taken by Emily S. Jones, executive secretary of the Educational Film Library Association, shows how universities, colleges, school systems, public libraries, and other educational 16mm. libraries rate their films by virtue of the number of requests received from schools and adult groups.

Leading the list, as it has in nearly every kind of tabulation since it was released over fifteen years ago, was Pare Lorentz's "The River," produced for the U. S. Government and sold through United World Films. Other films, in order of their indicated usefulness, are "Preface to a Life" (United World Films, 1950), "America the Beautiful" (U. S. Treasury, 1946), "The Loon's Necklace" (Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, 1949), "Human Reproduction" (McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 1947), "Adventures of Bunny Rabbit" (Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, 1937), "Feeling of Rejection" (National Film Board of Canada, 1946), "Angry Boy" (International Film Bureau, 1951), "Learning to Understand Children" (McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 1947), and "Children's Emotions" (McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 1950).

* * *

Publications: The brand-new booklet entitled "Julien Bryan and his Documentary Motion Pictures" is just about the handsomest printed material ever put out by a film organization. It tells of Mr. Bryan's experiences with people and films in such far-flung places as China, Bolivia, Yugoslavia, the Ukraine, Great Britain, Japan, and Czechoslovakia. For all film enthusiasts the twenty-four-page booklet has rich and lasting values in both its text and its striking pictures. For a complimentary copy, write to the International Film Foundation, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. After August 1st, the new IFF address will be 354 East 46th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

A twelve-page discussion guide for the film "Farewell to Childhood" has just been published by the New York State Society for Mental Health (105 East 22nd Street, New York 10, N. Y.) along with a smaller pamphlet for audience members to take home. Prices are 25¢ and 10¢ respectively, with appropriate discounts for bulk orders. —Cecile Starr.

The Film Forum

FAMILY AFFAIRS | *The Saturday Review's* Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films

ROOTS OF HAPPINESS. *Produced for the Mental Health Film Board by Sun-Dial Films. Distributed for purchase only* by the International Film Bureau, 57 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.* (25 *min.*)

Puerto Rico provides a warm setting for the film's search into the values of family life and love. Emphasizing the father's role in creating a happy household for his wife and his children, "Roots of Happiness" gets across some fundamental ideas about what maturity and manhood look and feel like. True, this rural family lacks many conveniences and luxuries which so many of us consider essential to good living. But then many other American families lack the expressions of contentment and purposefulness the Garcias family is so rich in.

Surely what is needed for both extremes is a better balance of the two —a better appreciation and achievement of the material and the intangible aids to good living.

Although originally intended for use in Puerto Rico, where it is safe to suppose that not all families are as contented with each other as the one in the film (the film in fact does give contrasting pictures of a bickering, miserable family), "Roots of Happiness" is fortunately available in the States now with English narration. The script by William Resnick is just about his best, despite occasional lapses into pseudo-poetry; director Henwar Rodakiewicz has given the film a vital rhythm and pictorial grace; the musical background is particularly lively and enjoyable; and the photography by Joseph Brun is of top documentary quality. Like happiness itself, the film has much to offer everyone who can find a way to taking it.

SHYNESS. *Produced by the National Film Board of Canada. Distributed for purchase only* by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.* (23 *min.*)

Stanley Jackson, who took over from Robert Anderson in writing and directing the Canadian Film Board's Mental Mechanism series, has come up with another first-rate production about childhood behavior and its adult consequences. This time, however, the focus is not on psychiatric treatment, but on the kinds of help that can be forthcoming from alert teachers, parents, and other adults. Three quiet, friendless children are singled out of a classroom —Robert, whose aloofness turns out to be merely part of his independent personality; Jimmy, whose fears and insecurities go so deeply as to mark him sick rather than shy; and Anna, alone, afraid, yet desperately longing for friends, acceptance, and success. In centering around Anna's difficulties, the film shows how shyness had been cultivated at home and how at school she was helped to gain the confidence which is so essential to well-being.

The details of Anna's accumulating failures at home and her gradual achievements at school are movingly and convincingly presented with the best kind of conceptual thoroughness and wholeness. But perhaps the most vital sequence is one in which Anna's teacher recalls a shy girl he had known and visualizes her as she is now—a timid, friendless, frightened young woman whom people "just don't seem to understand."

Without any conceivable doubt, "Shyness" can be recommended wholeheartedly to every adult group in the country. For its deftness and sensitivity, it is likely to win honors all along the way. As an insight into better living, it ranks as one of the most important films of the year, and for many years to come.

ALL MY BABIES. *Produced for the Georgia Department of Public Health by the Medical Audio-Visual Institute. Distributed by the Center for Mass Communication, Columbia University Press, 1125 Amsterdam Avenue, New York 25, N. Y.* (55 *min.*)

First of all a note that "All My Babies," written and directed by George Stoney, was made as an educational tool for the midwife training program in Georgia, and its use is restricted t professional personnel in official health agencies, accredited hospitals, medical societies affiliated with the A.M.A., accredited nursing associations, and Government agencies with programs of health education in foreign countries.

The subject is childbirth as it involves the skills of the Negro midwife services in rural Georgia. As part of an over-all educational program, "All My Babies" may rank as the most remarkable teaching film yet produced in this country. But the film succeeds far beyond its primary aims, and becomes an ennobling and enlightening human experience. It is certainly to be hoped that it will get immediate circulation around the world in all countries where midwife instruction is a vital part of community health. Since the film includes the actual delivery of a baby, it cannot be shown in this country except on a carefully restricted basis. But it is important to say that a great film has been made, ready to be seen when the public is ready to see it on a mature basis. Considering our recent advances in health education of all types, that time may not be too far away.

—C. S.

*For rentals consult the list of *SR* Film Referral Libraries, available at 10c a copy from Film Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

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The Sea

Continued from page 23

sistance from the powers of language when he tells of his greatest test, which did not come until after the German surrender. In May 1945 he had just taken to sea his first combat command, the *U-977*, when he received Admiral Dönitz's order to surrender to the Allies. Apparently invoking the naval skipper's traditional evasion, he claims not to have received the whole message. Assuming that the transmission was not authentic, he set out southward to turn his boat over to the supposedly congenial navy of Argentina.

THE story of that desperate and futile escape is the best part of "U-Boat 977." Equipped with the Schnorkel intake and exhaust device, which permitted fast and protracted underwater cruising, Schaeffer's new boat submerged off Norway on May 10, 1945, and did not surface again until sixty-six days later, off the west coast of Africa. By the time her crew emerged pale, filthy, and neurotic from her slime-covered insides, the boat had completed the longest underwater voyage ever achieved by man. Held together by the discipline of their proud service and by the persuasion of their young commander; the men of *U-977* reached Argentina safely only to be accused of having transported Hitler to safety in South America or the Antarctic. Considering the difficulties of the voyage, this was hardly likely, and Schaeffer was eventually able to convince his captors that it was not true. He says that his book is an effort to disabuse the rest of the world of that haunting idea.

While his story of the underwater odyssey is engrossingly and modestly told, Schaeffer does manage to convey, in his anecdotes of the sinkings of Allied merchant and war ships, all the brash ingenuousness of a boy telling of a raid on a fruit stand. But we can hardly expect so dedicated a man as a German submariner to recant. He seems, in fact, to cling to his faith so strongly that he never reveals important tactical details involved in torpedo attacks and in the evasive action a submarine takes when it is under depth-charge attack.

But even this attitude helps to make "U-Boat 977" a valuable book, for it confirms and completes the picture of a Nazi military man that is suggested by Schaeffer's frequent words about chivalry, his chagrin at Germany's "bad luck" when her secret weapon plans were upset by Allied bombardment, and his choice of Argentina as a postwar haven.

While we have to admire the skill and gallantry of Schaeffer and his fellows, we can be thankful that the final Allied concentration of radar-equipped escorts, planes, and aircraft carriers sent three out of four German submarine men to the bottom and wiped those red dots off the chart.

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Crotchets on the Quarterdeck

By Richard S. West, Jr.

Charles Wilkes, the strong-willed U.S. naval officer who charted Antarctica and the Pacific islands, is at last given his due in a biography: ***Daniel Henderson's "The Hidden Coasts"*** *(William Sloane Assoc. 286 pp. $5). Mr. West, who reviews it here, teaches at the United States Naval Academy.*

IN 1838 Charles Wilkes, aged forty and holding the rank of Lieutenant, U.S. Navy, purchased a new outfit of captain's uniforms and then urged the Secretary of the Navy to grant him the higher rank, explaining that as commander of the first great United States Exploring Expedition, he would need the additional rank to uphold the prestige of the United States when he encountered high ranking officers of other nations. Secretary J. K. Paulding, having stretched a point already in assigning command of the expedition to so junior an officer, shook his head.

Wilkes now filled the ear of Van Buren, when the President came to Hampton Roads to wish the expedition Godspeed. When Van Buren also declined, Wilkes struck a pose. "If it were not for the love of country I feel," he declared, "I would never give orders to lift the anchors of the ships. Instead I would give up the command of the squadron!"

In the giving of orders no man ever loved his country better than Charles Wilkes, and outside of the Virginia Capes he proceeded to wear his new captain's uniforms without permission and even to arrogate to himself as head of a squadron of sorts the courtesy title of "Commodore."

First conceived by President John Quincy Adams, the project to explore Antarctica and little-known islands of the Pacific had been handed down in Washington from administration to administration. Several early plans had fallen through, as each administration had tinkered with the plans, or attached to the expedition new men and ships.

Wilkes's mission, which he was expected to perform in a cruise of four years, was to explore the Antarctic Ocean, to chart such little known island groups as the Fiji, the Society, the Tahitian, and the Samoan; to locate happy whaling grounds for New England fishermen and lay down the most favorable tracks for getting there; and to collect all sorts of natural history specimens: fish, shells, animals, rocks, fossils, plants, looking toward the future establishment of a natural history museum.

The story of Wilkes's sighting of the continent of Antarctica and of his 1,500-mile cruise in sailing sloops along the ice-hidden coasts of that continent is the most important section of Daniel Henderson's biography of Charles Wilkes, entitled "The Hidden Coasts."

His pilot schooner *Sea Gull* sank with all hands while rounding Cape Horn. The *Peacock*, his second best ship, was found to be too rotten in her timbers to finish the four-year ordeal and had to be abandoned. His junior rank created embarrassments in the control of other officers in the squadron. But the rugged Wilkes took the law into his own hands. Officers he demoted or arrested as he saw fit. In disciplining seamen he never hesitated to prescribe punishments in excess of the legal limit of twelve lashes—as high as thirty-six and forty-one. To seamen whose terms of enlistment expired before the end of the cruise he offered the choice of reenlistment or being abandoned on some out-of-the-way Pacific island; many of these seamen chose to be marooned.

Among the Polynesians "Commodore" Wilkes encountered the same difficulties as had Magellan and Captain Cook. Misunderstandings broke out between natives and shore parties. Lieutenant Joseph H. Underwood and Wilkes's nephew Wilkes Henry were killed by Fiji Islanders: native villages were bombarded in retaliation.

—*Culver*

Charles Wilkes—"bloodied but unbowed."

WITH two other Antarctic explorers Dumont d'Urville of France and Captain James Clark Ross of the Royal Navy, who were engaged on exploring missions while Wilkes was in the Antarctic, "Commodore" Wilkes had misunderstandings and disputes. Little wonder that when the "Commodore" reached home in 1842 he scarcely had time to greet his family before he was called to answer charges before a court-martial. Off and on during the next thirty years Wilkes busied himself with editing the narrative and reports of his exploring expedition. During the Civil War, which interrupted his editorial labors, he again demonstrated rugged individualism in the *Trent* Affair, insulted British colonials at Bermuda, and got caught in another court-martial, from which he again emerged bloodied but unbowed to resume his perennial editing.

Mr. Henderson has done the country a good turn by producing the first full-length biography of Charles Wilkes, America's first Antarctic explorer. His research, however, leaves something to be desired. Wilkes's early scientific training in the Coast Survey and an appraisal of Wilkes's work as cartographer and editor merit more extended treatment. His book would also be improved if its occasional bits of gratuitous misinformation had been pruned out.

Birth of a Snow-flake

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

IN THE cold kingdom of the air
Where the uprising winds converge;
In the miraculous atmosphere,
Conceived by stress and storm,
The intricate star takes form.
From the vast silences of space
The traveler comes.
Not by a reasonable path does it descend to earth,
But lost again and shaped again
In upper levels of the sky,
As if the winds would claim
The beauty and the grace they cannot name.
Weighted by time, the quiet flake,
That once was vapor and the wind,
Outgrows the power from whence it grew,
And comes at last to seal the summer of the land,
To wake the winter of the mind.

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Cost of Freedom

By Louis Filler

Professor Filler of Antioch College, an authority on the anti-slavery movement, reviews a dramatic yet authoritative account of a revolt of slaves on the infamous Middle Passage: ***"Slave Mutiny," by William A. Owens*** *(John Day. 312 pp. $4).*

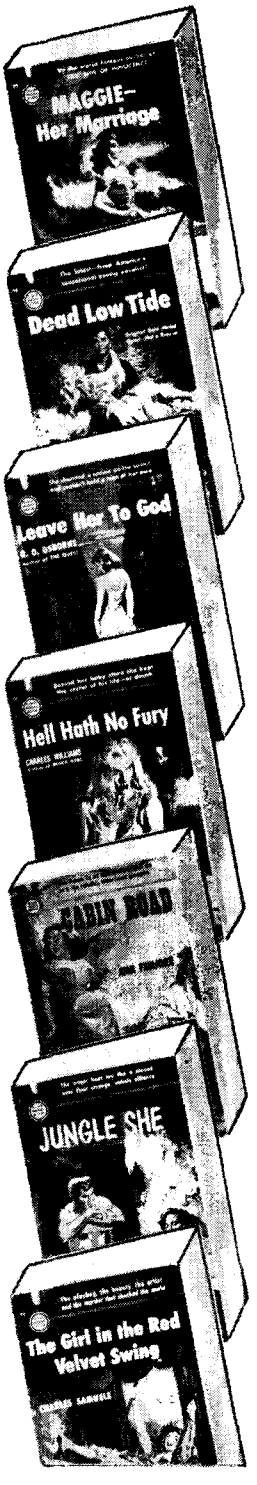
OUR greatest national crisis is notoriously ill-remembered. Myths about our thirty-year anti-slavery struggle suffice for us: that Lincoln freed the slaves, that William Lloyd Garrison somehow freed the slaves, that Harriet Beecher Stowe freed the slaves. In "Slave Mutiny," William A. Owens offers a fresh approach to one of the most stirring of the anti-slavery cases, and permits us to sense its meaning in the larger framework of American life.

His story begins in 1839 in Don Pedro Blanco's slave factory on the African west coast. Don Pedro feeds on tribal wars in the interior. Mr. Owens etches him, and etches his bewildered captives as they mill about in the barracoons. One is reminded of the "myth of the Negro past," which Melville J. Herskovits so well analyzed. These Negroes are no anonymous savages, but individuals from different culture-groups; among them Cinqué, a Mendi headman, takes natural authority.

We join them below deck in the infamous Middle Passage, where, over the years, so large a proportion of enslaved Negroes perished, of the "bloody flux," the will to die, or, perhaps, simply by being thrown overboard when (after slavery officially became piracy) a British slave patrol ship hove in sight. The slaver drops anchor at Havana, where the Negroes are sold; and Cinqué and some fifty-odd others are transferred to the *Amistad* to be shipped elsewhere. Events permit a desperate try at mutiny, the *Amistad* captain is killed, the Negroes take over the ship, and Cinqué's strange effort to return to Africa begins. He must trust in two Spaniards whom he has seized to help him navigate. The *Amistad* sails east by day; by night, while Cinqué sleeps, it is turned west. Thus, the Africans drift at last into American waters off Montauk Point, into the hands of American sailors made greedy by possible spoil, and into a district court at New Haven, where they are held as property claimed by the Spanish Crown for final disposal.

Mr. Owens's method of presenting his material is not so much to fictionalize it as to cast it in narrative form, adding dialogue, for the most part, from documented sources. A host of characters take shape. First of all Cinqué, in all his pride and determination to be free; among other Africans, Burnah, upon whose fragmentary English Cinqué had been so precariously dependent; the Congolese Konoma, whose "filed tusks and demon's eyes" fascinated spectators; Marghru, one of the four *Amistad* Negro children, who was to take best to civilization, and who would in time attend Oberlin College and return to Africa as a missionary; and Foone, who, discouraged by the weary waiting, finally drowned himself, having said, "Foone very homesick. Foone die and see his mother."

JUDGE Andrew T. Judson emerges quite properly as typical, in his attitudes, of Northern indecision. He disliked and distrusted Negroes, and had earlier led a widely-publicized fight against Prudence Crandall, when that principled woman insisted on keeping Negro girls in the Ladies' Academy she maintained in the Con-



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necticut town of Canterbury. Yet Judson in the end resisted the will of President Van Buren himself, when that worthy tried to override judicial processes in the interests of peace with slavery sympathizers.

Mr. Owens writes without frills and with close concern for the record. Yet he has achieved change of pace, as when he pauses, following the capture of Cinqué and his fellow-mutineers, to recapitulate briefly but vividly four abolitionist landmarks of the embattled 1830's: the attempted hanging of Garrison in Boston; the murder of Elijah P. Lovejoy in Alton, Illinois; the burning of Pennsylvania Hall in Philadelphia; and the persecution of Prudence Crandall. He gives drama its own head when the *Amistad* mutiny breaks out. And he writes imaginatively and well. Cinqué smiles and grunts at his captors, as they approach New Haven, "but their talk was like waves slapping the hull of the cutter." The Africans are served stew in pewter plates, but they eat it with their fingers, and afterwards toss away the plates "as lightly as they had tossed away banana-leaf dishes in Africa." Mr. Owens has made a brave and largely successful effort to treat a very human episode in the human terms it deserves.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 521

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 521 will be found in the next issue.

ZYXXWVU AB CVD EVYDF

FHJACK AZ AD WVXB

CVD LVCCVDX ZYXXWVU

DV XYY.

UHFHDUH KHCWFA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 520

If two people ride the same horse, one must ride behind.
—BISHOP FOWLER.

Sea Book Notes

SWISS SAILOR: It is somehow reassuring to know that there are still plenty of restless souls, like the doughty skippers of small craft, keeping alive the spirits of old-fashioned, aimless adventure in this all-too-purposeful world.

Hans de Meiss-Teuffen is a particularly intrepid sailor and one who illustrates Rachel Carson's observation that Man, the land animal evolved from the fishes, feels an atavistic pull toward his ancestral haunts, even though he may be a born inlander. De Meiss-Teuffen is solidly in the roving tradition of Erik the Red, Richard Henry Dana, and Richard Halliburton, all the more impressively so since he is a native of land-locked Switzerland.

When he was sixteen and a fingerling sailboat enthusiast on Lake Lausanne, Hans bet his teasing older brother one hundred francs that he would sail the Atlantic alone before he turned forty. He won the wager nineteen years later when he raised Fisher's Island, New York, one July morning in 1946, after a record-breaking fifty-eight-day sail in his storm-wracked thirty-four-foot yawl, *Speranza*, out of Vigo, Spain. (Our ever-alert immigration authorities promptly fined him ten dollars, or a good bit more than his winnings—for not carrying an official crew list!)

The *Speranza* was Hans de Meiss-Teuffen's sixth small sailing craft and in **"Wanderlust"** (McGraw-Hill, $4) he relates (with an assist from Victor Rosen) his experiences with each, from the time he gave up a stifling job in a London bank to roam the isles of Greece in an Italian fisherman's smack. His vagabonding has taken him to Palestine, Bombay, Madagascar, and most of Africa. He has been mate on an Arab *dhow* and pearl fisher in the Seychelles as well as dynamite trucker and jungle hotel keeper during a becalmed period in Northern Rhodesia. In the war he played a bizarre role as a "double agent," ostensibly spying on allied West African installations from a trim one-man sloop provided by the Germans, but actually in the employ of British Intelligence, for whom he later parachuted into Occupied France on another espionage mission.

In the interest, I suppose, of "readability," the writing is spare in the popular style and a bit bloodless for the subject, but the imaginative reader will nevertheless appreciate the exploits and bits of detail about a solitary mariner's shipboard life.

On extended voyages the author recites poetry to himself and the wild waves, and during the night gets up every forty-five minutes to make sure he doesn't collide with another vessel. (He estimates it would take most craft that length of time to reach his from beyond the horizon.)
—J. M. FLAGLER.

NAUTICAL TREASURY: Many a periodical has flashed on and off the American publishing scene in the past sixty-two years, but *The Rudder* has gone spanking along, dispensing nautical lore, tips, designs, opinions, and adventure tales to its loyal following of yachtsmen.

Some idea of what has kept this hearty if relatively unsung journal afloat may be obtained from **"The Rudder Treasury"** (Sheridan House, $5), a gleaning by Tom Davin of articles from its venerable pages. Among the curiosa are the quietly harrowing log of the Abiel Abbot Low, the first small power boat to cross the Atlantic, in 1902; Gar Wood's story of "Breaking 100 on Water" and his famous Miss America speedboats; a history of Long Island Sound; an account of a rapids-shooting expedition down the Colorado River; a detailed dissection of a Viking ship, a vessel years ahead of its time in design; and a convincing visualization by a modern English sea captain of the shipwreck of St. Luke and St. Paul off Malta, described by Luke in the twenty-seventh Chapter of the Acts of the Apostles (the captain concludes that Luke was a first-rate sailor.)

The volume also contains a sampling of small-craft plans and sketches submitted by readers and marine designers throughout the years, and helpful notes on how to read a tide table, keep a log, buy marine insurance, correct a compass, and what have you. —J. M. F.

LADY SKIPPER: In **"I Married A Boat"** (Abelard, $3), Anitra Marsland chattily shows that an average American family of moderate means can have nautical adventures without going far from home. Her story is an informal log of happily remembered weekend and vacation cruises with her husband and two young sons in the waters around Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Catalina Island, and on Long Island Sound—rewarding waters all. (The authoress is really married to an oil engineer who is frequently transferred around the country by his firm.) Their experiences may prove cheerfully familiar to fellow pleasure sailboaters, but landlubbers are likely to be discouraged by the special language. Mrs. Marsland assumes *everyone* knows what a Genoa jib is. —J. M. F.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Big Sticks and Old Stuffings

OYSTER BAY, N. Y.

SHORTLY after the century turned, one of the most talked-about houses in the United States, short of the White House, was a great homey mansion of clapboard and deep red brick called Sagamore Hill. Ladies at church socials in Kansas talked about it on July Sundays and men with their suspenders showing ruminated about it across cracker barrels in Vermont.

When McKinley was shot and Teddy Roosevelt took the Presidency, Sagamore Hill, thirty miles out on Long Island, had become the summer White House. Now thirty-four years after T.R. died in it and sixty-nine years after he built it, Sagamore Hill is being reopened. It will be dedicated by President Eisenhower this week-end, and thereafter it will be open to visitors as a twenty-six room memento of a jammed-full life.

I drove out there the other day, past the forest of small factories that have grown like ferns on the floor of Queens County, past the borders of spreading used-car lots that lie on the untrimmed edges of the city. Oyster Bay, which is 300 years old this year, is quarantined by distance and remains unaffected by the encroachments of industry. Sagamore Hill, outside the village, is big and lovely and old-fashioned. On the day I was there it sat sheltered from the bright spring sun by the big new leaves of a big old tree that grows on the front lawn.

Here in other days came Elihu Root and William Howard Taft, and William Allen White and Admiral Peary on his last stop before he went off to the North Pole. A walk through the brush or down the road leads to Oyster Bay, where there are oysters and where Teddy sat aboard the Presidential yacht *Mayflower* in 1904 and served a buffet lunch to the delegates to the Russo-Japanese treaty negotiations so he wouldn't have any problems with the protocol of seating. The bay is small and sheltered from the sea, which is probably why oysters like it, and one wonders if the sight of it raised homeward thoughts in the mind of Baron Komura, the delegate from Japan, where there are many similar bays.

"Speak softly and carry a big stick, you will go far," said T.R. to Henry L. Sprague back in 1900. The epigram is still being quoted although the big sticks rest now—an international collection of them—in an umbrella stand in the hall of Sagamore Hill. Nearby is the Governor's chair which was made for him by prisoners at Sing Sing on the banks of the Hudson. In his library is a silver flacon that King Haakon VII of Norway gave him on May 5, 1910, and some bronzes of animals that were gifts of his tennis cabinet, a group of athletic advisers who were his confidants in Washington.

A painting of a bull moose given him by Mr. Hecksher after the Progressive Party campaign hangs from a wall, and on the desk below an old chromium telephone of the era sits beside an inkwell made from the hoof of an elephant. Along the ledge are some silver placques from a trip to Germany, and looking down on everything are the inevitable silent sentinels, an assortment of rams and mountain goats long dead, long stuffed.

MRS. ROOSEVELT'S room across the hall has been restored to the blue she wrote about in a letter in 1903. But —despite her efforts at maintaining femininity—three rugs, once lionesses, adorn the floor, abetted by a former polar bear that was a gift from Peary. On a table in the corner Mrs. Roosevelt kept the mementoes of her son Kermit, killed over the German lines in World War I at the age of twenty. A red box holds his napkin ring and spoon. There is a roster of his unit, the 36th Aero Squadron, Air Service, United States

At Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1905, Roosevelt ended the Russo-Japanese War, after letting Japan grab Korea.

—From "The American Past."

At Algeciras, in 1906, Roosevelt inserted his Big Stick in a Franco-German squabble over control of Morocco.

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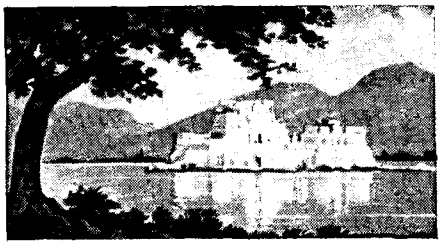

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Army, and a picture of him in uniform beside a poem "The Aviator":

> Upon the breath of worlds he rides serene
> A world's brilliance shining in his eyes . . .

An album of Quentin's pictures from his baby poses to snapshots in uniform has many empty pages. His diary kept at college for the first three months of 1916 includes a mention of his being measured for uniform.

Teddy took so many trips and collected so many souvenirs that it became necessary, as many wives have warned both before and after, to build a new wing on the house. The North Room, added in 1904, holds a giant pair of elephant tusks from King Menelik of Abyssinia, a medium-sized tusk from the British East Africans, and another from which some unrecorded somebody fashioned a cribbage board. Samurai swords offered by Baron Komura hang in a glass box on the wall. Buffalo heads shot in the Badlands of the Dakotas guard the fireplace and stare, as they have for many years, at a pair of multi-horned elk across the room.

Among Teddy's souvenirs was a set of photographs of himself with Kaiser Wilhelm taken during a visit to Germany in 1910. The Kaiser had scribbled a penciled legend on the back of each and then, after giving them to T.R., thought maybe he'd better have them back. He sent an emissary to offer to have them framed, but Teddy suspected that the Kaiser thought his pencil had scribbled too liberally, and refused to give them back. They have since been framed with glass on both sides and are contained in a specially built wooden box. The various poses depict T.R. on horseback, wearing riding clothes and a broad black hat. The Kaiser, also mounted, wears his spiked helmet. Says one legend in Wilhelm's scrawl, "The colonel of the Rough Riders lecturing the chief of the German Army." Another, "The argument driven home! The Germanic and Anglo-Saxon Races combined will keep the world in order." One showing T.R. and the Kaiser shaking hands across their horses says, "The Chief of the German Army thanking the Colonel of the Rough Riders for the honor of inspecting his troops."

Only once does the Kaiser refer to Roosevelt as President, and even then it was T.R.'s short career with the Rough Riders that seems to have impressed him. The mention comes in a book on the German African Army. The flyleaf is autographed "To President Roosevelt, former Colonel of the Rough Riders, I present the historical record of the deeds of the German Rough Riders in Southwest Africa. With best wishes for a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year 08/09 From his ardent admirer and friend, Williame."

The job of carding the Roosevelt library, which is part of the $500,000 rehabilitation program of the house, has turned up many a valuable surprise. There is a set of Kipling's works with a letter from Kipling to Roosevelt inside the cover, dated June 1, 1910. There is a book made of unpublished Kipling typescript, another called "A Survey of the Revolution of Empires" which bears Theodore Roosevelt's bookplate and George Washington's signature. On hand, too, is a fine collection of rare travel books including such early works as "Travels in Brazil," vintage 1824, and "Texas Immigrant," 1848.

Over the staircase upstairs hangs a painting of Quentin aged about six, carrying a bow and arrow on the White House lawn. A few steps away is the red bathroom Mrs. Roosevelt used to talk about in the same breath as her blue living room. Even it has a painting of a lioness over the tub, and a reindeer over the washstand, although who is to say that the decor went that far back in Sagamore's

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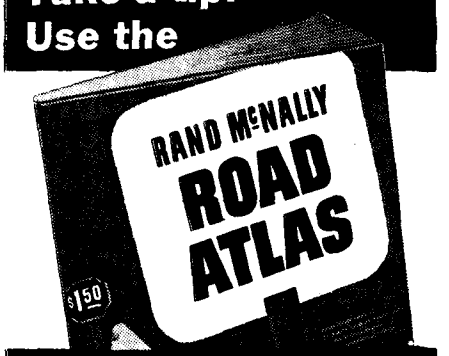

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by DAVID DODGE
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salad days. T.R. slept in a fantastic bed with giant carved posts, facing a matching wardrobe ten feet tall. This awesome bedroom set won first prize in an exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876.

In another upstairs room Geronimo's blanket was being sorted from T.R.'s personal hunting knife, the hat he wore at San Juan Hill was being separated from a bolo knife thrown by a Moro in the Philippines, and his personal pistol was out at the Oyster Bay police department undergoing registration.

Back in 1906 T.R. said, "Fond as I am of the White House and much though I have appreciated these years in it, there isn't any place in the world . . . like Sagamore Hill, where things are our own, with our own associations." Even the Roosevelt dogs found a place of their own at Sagamore Hill. Back on the lawns, at the edge of the woodlands, is a stone engraved with the name of Little Texas and Tamara and other friends, shaded in the springtime with a white lilac bush.

T.R.'s grave is not far away in the Oyster Bay cemetery, surrounded by an iron fence. Looking on is a sign with the inscription, "Theodore Roosevelt said, 'Keep your eyes on the stars and your feet on the ground.'" White lilac bushes shade this grave, too, and the other day its branches were heavy with spring blossoms, the fragrance floating down the hillside towards the waters of Oyster Bay. —HORACE SUTTON.

Of Time and Space

The Saturday Review's Guide to Science Fantasy Fiction

Book	*Theme*	*Handling*	*Rating*
THIS ISLAND EARTH *Raymond F. Jones* (Shasta: $3)	What happens when machines are in control.	Galactic; fast pace, but with too many loose ends left dangling.	Buildup dandy; resolution ho-hum
WORLDS OF TOMORROW *Ed. by August Derleth.* (Farrar, Straus & Young: $3.95)	Nineteen stories, every one definitely out of any main stream, science fiction or otherwise.	Except for the unlamented Lovecraft, swell.	Derleth still the boss anthologist.
ONCE UPON A STAR *Kendell Foster Crossen* (Holt: $2.95)	Adventures of Manning Draco, telepathist, and his enemies Sam and Dzanky the Rigelian.	You have to read it to see how it can be both funny and exciting.	Damndest tomfoolery in science fiction.
ADVENTURES IN DIMENSION *Ed. by Groff Conklin* (Vanguard: $2.95)	Time travel stories of every conceivable type.	Old and new uniformly good in one way or another, not always the same way.	Conklin maintains a good reputation.
CHILDREN OF WONDER *Ed. by William Tenn.* (Simon & Schuster: $2.95)	Stories in which children are the main characters, but by no means for children, or childish.	Fantasy and science fiction mixed; all-star cast doing very various job.	Some good things.
SPACE SERVICE *Ed. by Andre Norton* (World: $2.50)	If there were a space navy, all these stories would be about it; mostly from *Astounding.*	Have a certain sameness, not altogether accounted for by theme.	Demonstration of J. W. Campbell's talent.
STAR SCIENCE FICTION STORIES *Ed. by Frederik Pohl* (Ballantine: 35¢)	Fifteen previously unpublished stories with no duty but to be good.	Since by selected authors, uniformly smooth as silk.	Better than most.

FLETCHER PRATT.

Cradle of "God" and Kilroy

By THURMAN PRICE

GO NORTH from Beirut, in ancient Lebanon, and you will come upon the darkened ruins of a once majestic city. This is Byblos, so ancient its history is lost in the mists of creation.

Stone Age man has left his traces in this city—founded "when the world was new" by the great god El, father of all other gods. Nearby is the first statement that "Kilroy was here" carved 3,300 years ago by a soldier of Rameses II. Byblos was already old.

BY THAT TIME the real estate situation at Byblos made honest burial hard to come by. Only the remains of kings are found in caskets, underground. Space was so scarce that the average man was folded with knees under chin and placed in an egg-shaped urn in the wall of a house.

The skeleton of one such lies today, exposed in its egg, to alarm the eye of the infrequent visitor. It lay, perhaps, for forty centuries before an archeologist cracked the egg. Conceivably, he grunted in disappointment at finding the same old thing—Byblos is surfeited with egg-men.

SO LITTLE was thought of this man in the egg that nobody has bothered to shelter him or take him away to a museum. Little noticed, he lies on his side next to the ruins of the temples of seven civilizations. He is 200 generations removed from the gazing tourist, who suddenly realizes he may be staring at his own ancestor.

One day the desultory, unaffectionate work of restoration may be completed—Byblos will become a formal tourist attraction. Until then, the tourist with a taste for the original can, for a little while, feel like an explorer in Byblos . . . almost an unsolicited intruder in an alien age.

And the tourist can, by the way, fly straight through to Beirut on Pan American's famous low-cost "Rainbow"—the popular air tourist service to Europe and the Middle East . . . no change of plane . . . 25½ hours from New York. You can fly there and back for as little as $842.80. And once you reach Beirut you'll find you can live in holiday style for a week on as little as $100.

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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which we do not have space to review this week, will be given more extended notice in early issues.

AMERICAN LITERARY PIONEER: A Biographical Study of James A. Hillhouse. By Charles Tabb Hazelrigg. New York: Bookman Assoc. $4. A biography of a neglected poet and man of letters who flourished in America in the early years of the last century.

THE BRITISH COURT: Its Traditions and Ceremonial. By Ifan Kyrle Fletcher. New York: David McKay Co. $2.50. A history of the customs, traditions, and ways of the British Court down to the present.

CHRISTIANITY. By S. C. Carpenter. Baltimore: Penguin Books. 50¢. A non-dogmatic history of Christianity from its origin to the present.

THE COLLECTED PLAYS OF W. B. YEATS. New York: The Macmillan Co. The first complete collection of the plays of the incomparable Irish poet.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION FOR NEIGHBORHOOD DEVELOPMENT. By Dr. Sidney Dillick. New York: Woman's Press. $4. A history and study of community living in this country from the Civil War to the present.

THE COOPERATIVE ROAD TO ABUNDANCE: The Alternative to Monopolism and Communism. By E. R. Bowen. New York: Henry Schuman. $3. Mr. Bowen charts the course to that perfect standard of living where there will be a chicken in every pot, and which he believes lies somewhere between totalitarian economy and the economy of the huge trusts.

DIGBY. By David Walker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.75. A capable novelist ("Geordie," "The Pillar") tells here the story of a jaded American tycoon who, while traveling through the witchy Scottish Highlands, is very nearly rejuvenated by the chieftain of a clan (female), but is rescued from further foolishness by the arrival of his wife.

EDITH WHARTON. By Blake Nevius. Berkeley: University of California Press. $3.75. The first full-length critical study of the fiction of Edith Wharton.

THE FAIR BRIDE. By Bruce Marshall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. A novel about the intrigues a Spanish priest gets mixed up in during the Civil War in 1936.

THE FLORENTINE. By Carl J. Spinatelli. New York: Prentice-Hall. $3.95. A huge, bustling book about the incredible Benvenuto Cellini, who, besides being a writer of some moment, and an incomparable artisan in metals, was a soldier, lover, politician, and artist in sixteenth-century Italy.

FRUIT OF AN IMPULSE: Forty-five Years of The Carnegie Foundation: 1905-1950. By Howard J. Savage. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $6. A history of the philanthropic institution founded by Andrew Carnegie, by a member of its staff.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERA: A New Assessment. By Audrey Williamson. New York. The Macmillan Co. $5. A critical study of all the operettas, their origins, costumes, scenery, and various performers and productions.

THE GREAT MAN. By Howard Swiggett. New York: Doubleday & Co. $5. A biography of George Washington, in which the author, using a wealth of primary sources, focuses on the war years—the battles, the relations with the French, the behind-the-scenes struggles for power, and the General's brief retirement after Yorktown.

INDUSTRIALISM AND THE POPES. Edited by Mary Lois Eberdt and Gerald Schnepp. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3.50. A montage of the various social dictas uttered by the late Roman Catholic popes, beginning with those of Leo XIII.

ISLAND OF THE BLUE MACAWS. By James Ramsay Ullman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. A collection of seventeen short stories by the author of "The White Tower," with locales in New York, Hawaii, Latin America, and some of the world's mountains.

THE JEFFERSONIAN HERITAGE. Edited by Dumas Malone. Boston: Beacon Press. $3.50. The radio scripts used on the radio series known as "The Jeffersonian Heritage," collected by the director, who is also a professor of history at Columbia University.

LOVE IS A LONELY THING. By Florence Jane Soman. New York: Random House. $3. Fiction about a gallery of sophisticated urbanites, whose various frustrations, fears, and failures come to a head during a cocktail party.

THE MOUNT EVEREST RECONNAISSANCE EXPEDITION: 1951. By Eric Shipton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6. Ninety-two photographs, and an account of the expedition that surveyed unconquerable Everest two years ago.

MY ROAD TO CERTAINTY: An Autobiography. By William C. Kernan. New York: David McKay Co. $3. The memoirs of a former Episcopalian minister, who, at the age of fifty-two, resigned from his church to become a Roman Catholic.

NICANDER: The Poems and Poetical Fragments. Edited with a translation and notes by A. S. F. Gow and A. F. Scholfield. New York: Cambridge University Press. $6. The first complete, translated text of the surviving poems of a poet who lived in the Second Century B.C., and whose work was freely borrowed from by both Ovid and Virgil.

NORTH FROM MALAYA: Adventures on Five Fronts. By William O. Douglas. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3.95. Mr. Justice Douglas has written another clear-headed book on his travels in the East—this time on the precarious conditions in Malaya, Indonesia, the Philippines, Burma, and Indo-China.

PHILADELPHIA ARCHITECTURE IN THE 19th CENTURY. Edited by Theodore B. White and Others. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.50. A study of some of the remarkable buildings designed and put up in Philadelphia in the last century.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MAHATMA GANDHI. Edited by Dhirendra Mohan Datta. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press. $2.50. The philosophy of the great Indian leader, as set down by one of India's leading scholars and teachers.

POLITICS IN THE AGE OF PEEL: A Study in the Technique of Parliamentary Representation: 1830-1850. By Norman Gash. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5. A study of the great political and social upheavals that took place in Britain in the mid-nineteenth century.

A POLICY FOR SCIENTIFIC AND PROFESSIONAL MANPOWER. By the National Manpower Council. New York: Columbia University Press. $4.50. A study, with recommended solutions to the problem, of the acute shortage that exists of skilled professional, scientific, and technical workers in this country.

PSYCHICS AND COMMON SENSE. By William Oliver Stevens. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50. An inquiry into the unreal and real aspects of the otherworld.

PSYCHOLOGICAL DISORDER AND CRIME. By Dr. W. Lindesay Neustatter. New York: British Book Centre. $4.75. Dr. Neustatter bases his account of the psychological disorders that often cause crime on wide observations of English jails, sanitariums, courts, and reform schools.

THE PSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHOTHERAPY OF OTTO RANK. By Fay B. Karpf. New York: Philosophical Library. $3. An examination of the work of Otto Rank, and a comparative analysis of his writings with that of Freud, Jung, and Adler.

RAMEY. By Jack Farris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3. A novel about the growing up of a back-country Arkansas boy, who learns from his Pa, a Baptist parson, about the better things in life, as well as how to hunt and fish.

THE RESTLESS BORDER. By Dick Pearce. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. Alexander Prince, Captain of the U. S. Dragoons, in a series of fictional skirmishes with Indians, ladies, and the inmates of the new Republic of Texas.

MODERN RUSSIAN LITERATURE: From Chekov to the Present. By Marc Slonim. New York: Oxford University Press. $6.80. The sequel to the author's excellent "The Epic of Russian Literature". Here Professor Slonim starts with Chekov and moves chronologically through the remainder of the nineteenth century, touching on such movements as the Modernists, Decadents, and Symbolists.

NEW RUSSIAN STORIES. Edited and translated by B. G. Guerney. New York: New Directions. $3.75. Sixteen modern Russian short stories brought together in new translations.

RIVER ON THE RAMPAGE. By Kenneth S. Davis. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. A collection of essays, by the well-known Kansas writer, on river planning, flood control, and rural electrification as it is progressing in the Kansas River Basin.

THE SACRED SEASONS. By Carl Bode. Denver: Alan Swallow, Publisher. $2. A book of religious poetry by a professor of English at the University of Maryland.

THE SEEKING. By Will Thomas. New York: A. A. Wyn. $3.50. The story of a Southern American Negro who took his family to live in Vermont to find the equalities written in our Constitution.

SIDEWHEELER SAGA. By Ralph Nading Hill. New York: Rinehart & Co. $5. A history of the steamboat, and its development on the eastern waters of the U.S.

THE SIEGE. By Illes Kaczer. Translated by Lawrence Wolfe. New York: Dial Press. $5. The Jews have been fleeing ever since the memory of man began, a melancholy fact pointed up here by the sorrows and trials of a Jewish family in the bleak days of Napoleon.

THE STORY OF CYRUS AND SUSAN MILLS. By Elias Olan James. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press. $5. A biography of the founders of Mills College, the first women's college west of the Mississippi.

THE STORY OF EVEREST: 1921-1952. By W. H. Murray. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75. Mt. Everest was discovered to be the world's highest mountain 101 years ago. This is a retelling of the stories of all the so far unsuccessful expeditions which have scaled its sides. It ends with last year's nearly triumphant ascent by a Swiss party.

THE STORY OF THE "ROMANCE." By William E. Rively, S.J. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3.50. Of how the author, a Jesuit, bought a China-built brigantine in the U.S. and sailed it across the Pacific to use in missionary work in the Micronesian Islands.

T. S. ELIOT: A Bibliography. By Donald Gallup. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4. A complete listing of the writings, including lecture syllabi and recordings, of the Anglo-American poet and critic.

TEAM BELLS WOKE ME; And Other Stories. By H. L. Davis. New York: William Morrow & Co. $3.50. Eleven stories of earlier days in Oregon by a good writer and winner of the Pulitzer Prize.

"THIS WEEK'S" SHORT-SHORT STORIES. Edited by Stewart Beach. New York: Random House. $3. A collection of fifty of the one-page stories that have appeared in *This Week* magazine, including the work of Budd Schulberg, Oliver La Farge, MacKinlay Kantor, Lord Dunsany, and others.

TRUTH IS OUR WEAPON. By Edward W. Barrett. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $4. A book by a former Assistant Secretary of State on the methods of American propaganda, how the Voice of America and the Informations Services may have succeeded or failed, with some recommendations on an even more effective program for whipping the Communists in the crucial war of ideas.

TWELVE STEPS AND TWELVE TRADITIONS. By Anonymous. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.75. A report on the work and principles of Alcoholics Anonymous by one of its founders.

THE WISE BAMBOO. By Malcom Morris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. The extraordinary experiences of the man who managed the famed Imperial Hotel in Tokyo from 1946-52, when it was occupied by the Allied Occupation forces, and had to be streamlined, debugged, and put in first-rate running order for the various VIP's who lived there.

—W. B.

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Fiction

Continued from page 20

his writing is revue-sketch caricature, even to the portrayal of the tiresome young man who can't stand advertising because of the guilt on the gingerbread.

When Aurthur writes about Al Toolum and family his touch is surer. He may have started with caricature, but his understanding of people is too sharp to permit him to stray off into silly wildness. As a result of the variations in approach, "The Glorification of Al Toolum" is an amusing but uneven book, neither freshly satiric on the one hand nor honestly touching on the other.

It would appear that Aurthur might have done better if he had not gotten a perfectly wonderful idea for a novel about a man who is picked to be Yankee Doodle, and if he had instead concentrated on the Toolums, who seem to be interesting people.

Notes

FRENCH TOBACCO ROAD: The scene of **"The Sea Wall"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.50), by Marguerite Duras, a hitherto unknown French woman novelist of promise, is laid in Indo-China. But there hovers none of the beauty of that country over its pages. The book takes place in an imprecise atmosphere which is probably that of the years preceding World War II. The colonists are presented as, for the most part, a greedy and dissolute lot, making money easily and spending it lavishly on drinks, automobiles, and women. But the story might just as plausibly have taken place in France or anywhere in Europe. If anything, it belongs to the tradition of Steinbeck and Caldwell, but lacks the vigor and the comic ebullience of the best novels by those Americans.

The sea wall is a frail barrier of wooden palisades erected by an energetic woman and her neighbors against the encroaching ocean. The wall collapses in the first big storm and the land concession that was granted to a widow, a retired school teacher turned farmer, is ruined. Her only resource is now to cry for hours, to scream hysterically, to vent her anger at the cadastral agents who have deceived her with a worthless concession and to hope that her children will somehow meet with a better fate.

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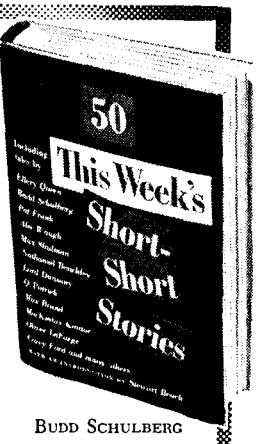

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vainly struggling with the mortgage banks, the mother decides to return to her ramshackle house by the sea wall and await death. Her son capitalizes on his good looks, becomes the lover of a passionate and elegant lady, the wife of a wealthy foreigner with a big car whose only interest is in drinking. He elopes with her in the end. The daughter, whose admiration for her brother apparently prevails over any possible attraction that other men might have for her, spends her days at the movies and escapes unscathed from the protection of a former prostitute now turned respectable. She loses her virginity at the end of the novel, with utter disregard for money, with a vulgar neighbor. The mother dies, unglamorously as she had lived.

"The Sea Wall" is clearly an immature book which deserved translation (by Herma Briffault) more as the promising work of a writer who may well develop a significant talent than for its actual achievement.

—Henri Peyre.

AMERICAN SABATINI: Mariston Chapman—in reality a husband and wife team—show in their latest book, **"Tennessee Hazard,"** (Lippincott, $3.95) the faults and virtues of a veteran historical novelist. The prose is lively and straightforward, if never lyric or memorable. The characters are flat, one-dimensional figures drawn in primary colors, like the illustrations in a child's Mother Goose book. They act in pantomime an entirely plausible and correct romance based on the plot revolving around John Sevier and the Tennessee country, attempting to intrigue with the Spanish in New Orleans. Excitement follows excitement so desperately that some readers will take off with the plot as joyously as a strong man to run a race; others will fall in breathless collapse.

Both groups will be large. If the plot would slow up a little we could have more time to savor the enrichment behind the melodrama, for there is good detail of dialogue and country living to be found here, pictures of life in the midst of the Old South in the days just after the Revolution, before it had begun to think of itself in capital letters. It does not penetrate a little-known phase of American history with a new insight, but it draws attention that way, and presents accurately the lively aspects to the reader who will accept them at no slower rate. Less lush, less violent, the book somehow suggests what an American Sabatini might have been, brought up to hunt coons and live on corn pone.

—Shirley Barker.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THEY BURIED A MAN *Mildred Davis* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	U.S. village mayor's death stirs reporter's interest in twenty-two-year-old unsolved murder.	Chapters recited by assorted principals: credibility of personnel spotty.	Hoppity-skippity
WINNER TAKE ALL *Gerald Fairlie* (Dodd Mead: $2.50)	Scotland Yard super turns pvt. eye, takes over officially dropped blackmail case.	Attempt at breathless pace fails to click; too many I-I-I's.	Disappointing
MURDER BY THE DAY *Veronica Parker Johns* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Ad tycoon incinerated in N.Y. apt.; part-time butler displays striking talents.	Police strangely apathetic until curtain, but are scarcely missed.	Gay and gruesome
THE TENDER POISONER *John Bingham* (Dodd Mead: $2.50)	British hubby finds Other Gal, plots wife's slaughter; complications ensue.	See-all technique ineffective; characters made to fit plot.	No world-beater
QUIETLY SHE LIES *E. M. D. Hawthorn* (Harper: $2.75)	Aged British sourpuss (f.) confides life story to diary, plots destruction of sister.	Good and consistent character study, with sound suspense factor.	Quite a production
9:15 TO FREEDOM *Martin Fiala* (British Book Centre: $2)	Truetale: Escape of Czech patriots across border in wild train dash—September 1951.	Vivid reconstruction of dramatic flight; fine picture of trans-curtain life.	Tops
13 WHITE TULIPS *Frances Crane* (Random: $2.50)	Looted posy-bed clue to odd S. F. slaughter; Pat Abbott shows cops the way.	Nice dachshund has big part; fashion hints all over place.	Smooth
THE LISTENING HOUSE *Mabel Seeley* (Crime Club: $2)	Reissue of '38 chiller in Crime Club 25th birthday series: eerie goings-on in Midwest lodging-house.	Q.-and-A. technique and large use of newspaper clips effective.	Adroit, suspenseful
DETOUR *Helen Nielson* (Ives Washburn: $2.50)	Youthful rover picked for killer at Southwest crossroads; cops and amateurs at odds.	Good start, but involvements deepen thick and fast.	Upsy-downsy
ONE TOUCH OF MURDER *Hermia Fraser* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Slaughter in Midwest city library bad for book business; cops aren't too bright.	Local milliner, who turns up body, tells story, which is pretty weak.	Won't do
THE CASE OF THE HESITANT HOSTESS *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.50)	Perry Mason, assigned as counsel in Cal. stickup case, broadens frame of reference.	Court scenes unusually abundant and lively; zoom-zoom all the way.	Good
THE SCARLET LETTERS *Ellery Queen* (Little Brown: $3)	Eternal triangle leads Insp. Queen's boy merry chase (NY and environs) right through alphabet.	Ingenious, pert, thin-spun, but nice spinning.	Easy to take
THE CAVALIER'S CUP *Carter Dixon* (Morrow: $2.50)	Royalist souvenir's antics annoy occupants of English country seat; Sir H. Merrivale and Yard explore.	Characters less than credible; locked-room mystery fails to jell.	Comic strip
FEW DIE WELL *Sterling Noel* (Farrar, Straus & Young: $3)	Spy-trapper assigned to NJ atom plant runs into dangers, dames; works way out.	Amorous antics impede chase, which is fastest at start.	Tongue-in-cheeky
THE SINGING SANDS *Josephine Tey* (Macmillan: $2.75)	Insp. Grant, Scotland bound for rest cure, enjoys rousing busman's holiday.	The author's swan song, but she'll be read for a long, long time.	Good

—Sergeant Cuff.

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U. S. A.

Continued from page 17

most certainly a part of political history.

It reminds one of the French king who looked out the window to see the mob marching down the street and said, "I am their leader; I must follow." One day we Americans will look out on the march of humanity, and we may then decide to follow.

Onward, Outward

By C. Vann Woodward

A highly useful, completely reliable work now claims a place on the reference shelf of every American concerned with his past, writes Mr. Woodward, professor of history at Johns Hopkins. Its name: ***"Encyclopedia of American History," edited by Richard B. Morris*** *(Harper. 776 pp. $6).*

IN SCOPE and range Professor Richard B. Morris's "Encyclopedia of American History" falls somewhere between the multivolumed "Dictionary of American History" and the "World Almanac." In character, organization, and usefulness it is in a class by itself. For here in one stout volume is a remarkably comprehensive and systematic compendium of American history.

The concept of history adopted by the editor and his consultants (a board of first-rate scholars headed by Henry Steele Commager) is modern and inclusive. It embraces not merely the traditional narrative of politico-economic development, but social and cultural growth as well. There are admirable sections, for example, on science and medicine, on religion and education, on literature and the press, on theatre, architecture, and the fine arts.

Every historical narrative of any extent has to reconcile in one way or another a chronological framework with the treatment of topical and biographical subjects that defy chronological arrangement. Reference works such as this ordinarily dodge the problem by resort to a straight alphabetical listing, an arrangement that does not make for maximum convenience and usefulness. Professor Morris has solved this problem neatly and logically by dividing his book into three sections. The first, called "Basic Chronology," occupies more than half the pages and covers the essential political narrative from pre-Columbian America to the present. The second, "Topical Chronology," consists of succinct essays on such subjects as territorial expansion, transportation, immigration, the judiciary, agriculture, industry, and other aspects of economic history, as well as the phases of cultural history already mentioned. A third section, the shortest, is reserved for biographical sketches. The three sections are integrated by parenthetical cross references in the text of each and by an elaborate forty-page index, three columns to the page.

Easily the most controversial section of the book is the one reserved for biography. Limitations of space have confined the number of subjects to three hundred—and the fun comes, of course, in selecting the three hundred.

The possibilities of disagreement are suggested by the thousands of names in the "Dictionary of American Biography" and the tens of thousands in the current "Who's Who." One can only estimate the time it would take to reach an agreement between any two historians on the thirty-three statesmen (apart from Presidents) who make the grade, or the eighteen military figures, the forty writers, the thirteen artists, the thirty-two scientists, or the eighteen business leaders to be included. Even more difficult would be agreement on why there should be sixteen inventors and only six architects, or fourteen educators and only four musicians. The editor admits that some choices were arbitrary and some merely representative of a crowded field. On the whole the list seems intelligently selected.

IT is a pleasure to report that in a work so extensive that no editor and small board of consultants can claim expert knowledge of all subjects covered, the writing always appears informed by the most recent scholarship and the latest monographs. To be up-to-the-minute in all fields is, of course, an unattainable ideal. Even while this book was in the press, for example, an anthropologist was publishing evidence to indicate the presence of man in America many thousands of years before the date of the earliest cultural remains recorded in the present work.

Many clear indications of thoughtful consultation, patient research, and painstaking caution lift Professor Morris's "Encyclopedia" well above the limbo of hack work and place it in the category of permanently useful and reliable reference books. The members of his own craft and the informed public generally will have many occasions to be grateful for this admirable book.

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The Problem of Ethics for 20th Century Man

Continued from page 11

Christianity then to come round to the affirmation of the world. Its active ethics made it possible for it to do so. But in antiquity and in the Middle Ages there did not exist a passionate affirmation of the world which alone would have served its purpose. This passionate affirmation came into being with the Renaissance. Christianity joined forces with it in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Its ethics, along with the ideal of self-perfection which it derived from Jesus, henceforth embraced also the other, which consists in creating new and better material and spiritual conditions for the existence of human society. From this time on Christian ethics was able to give an objective to its activity and thus achieved its full development. From the union of Christianity and the Renaissance's passionate affirmation of the world was born the civilization in which we live and which we have to maintain and to perfect. The ethical conceptions of the Chinese philosophers and that of Zoroaster were from their origin linked with the affirmation of the world. They too bear within themselves the energies capable of producing an ethical civilization.

Having reached a certain level, ethics tends to develop depth. This tendency manifests itself in the need which it experiences to dedicate itself to the search for the fundamental principle of good.

ETHICS no longer finds entire satisfaction in defining, enumerating, and recommending various virtues and various duties, but seeks to understand what they have in common in their diversity and how they flow from a single conception of good. It is thus that the great Chinese thinkers came to proclaim benevolence toward men as a fundamental virtue.

In Hebrew ethics, even before Jesus, emerges the question of the great commandment whose fulfilment is equivalent to that of the entire law. Jesus, in accord with the tradition of the Hebrew theologians, raises love to the rank of a supreme commandment.

In the first century of the Christian era philosophers of Stoicism following the path laid out by Panaetius, the creator of the idea of humanism, likewise came to consider love as the virtue of virtues; they are Seneca, Epictetus, and the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Their ethics is essentially that of the great Chinese thinkers. They have in common with them not only the principle of love, but in addition—what is more important—the conviction that it stems from reason and is fundamentally reasonable.

In the course of the first and second centuries of the Christian era Graeco-Roman philosophy thus came to profess the same ethical ideal as Christianity. The possibility of an understanding between the ancient world and Christianity seemed to offer itself. No such development occurred. Ethical stoicism did not become popular. Moreover, it also considered Christianity the worst of superstitions because it based itself on a divine revelation occurring in Jesus Christ, and because it awaited the miraculous coming of a new world. Christianity for its part despised philosophy as being merely the wisdom of this world. What separated the two also was the fact that philosophy adhered to the idea of the affirmation of the world, and Christianity to the idea of negation. No understanding was possible.

After a passage of centuries, however, such an understanding did occur. When in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Christianity began to familiarize itself with the passionate affirmation of the world which the Renaissance had bequeathed to European thought, it made acquaintance at the same time with ethical Stoicism and discovered with surprise that Jesus's principle of love had already been enunciated as a rational truth. It deduced from this that the fundamental ideas of religion must also be revealed truths subsequently confirmed by reason. Among the thinkers who at that time felt themselves to belong both to Christianity and to Stoicism the most remarkable were Erasmus of Rotterdam and Hugo Grotius.

Under the influence of Christianity the ethics of philosophy acquired an enthusiasm which it did not possess up to that time. Under the influence of philosophy the ethics of Christianity for its part began to reflect upon what it owed to itself and upon what it must accomplish in this world. Thus was born a spirit which could not permit the ethics of love to tolerate any longer the injustices, the cruelties, and the harmful superstitions which it had previously allowed. Torture was abolished, the scourge of sorcery trials came to an end, inhuman laws gave way to more human ones. A reform movement unprecedented in the history of humanity was undertaken and accomplished in the first enthusiasm of the discovery that the principle of love is taught also by reason.

TO demonstrate the rationality of altruism, the love of others, eighteenth-century philosophers, including Hartley, the baron d'Holbach, Helvetius, and Bentham, well meaningly invoked the single argument of its utility. The Chinese thinkers and the representatives of ethical Stoicism had also brought forward this argument, but had advanced others as well. According to the thesis defended by these eighteenth-century thinkers, altruism could be regarded simply as enlightened self-interest, taking into account the fact that the well-being of individuals and of society can be assured only by the devotion men show toward their fellows. With this superficial thesis Kant and the Scots philosopher David Hume, among others, took sharp issue. Kant, in his eagerness to defend the dignity of ethics, goes so far as to claim that its utility must not be taken into consideration. However manifest it may be, it must not be allowed as a motive of ethics. Ethics, according to the doctrine of the categorical imperative, commands in an absolute fashion. It is our conscience which reveals to us what is right and what is wrong. We have merely to obey it. The moral law which we bear within ourselves gives us the certainty that we belong not only to the world as it appears to us in time and in space, but that we are at the same time citizens of the world as such, the spiritual world.

Hume, in order to refute the utilitarian thesis, proceeds empirically. He analyzes the motives of ethics and reaches the conclusion that it is above all a matter of feeling. Nature, he argues, has endowed us with the faculty of sympathy. The latter enables us and obliges us to experience the joy, the apprehensions, and the sufferings of others as our own. We

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are, according to an image used by Hume, like strings vibrating in unison with those which are played. It is this sympathy which leads us to devote ourselves to others and to wish to contribute to their well-being and to that of society. Philosophy since Hume —if we leave aside Nietzsche's venture—has not dared seriously to question the concept that ethics is above all a matter of compassion.

BUT where does this leave ethics? Is it capable of defining and of limiting the obligations of devotion to others and thus reconciling egoism and altruism, as the theory of utilitarianism attempted to do?

Hume hardly considers the question. Neither have succeeding philosophers judged it necessary to take into consideration the consequences of the principle of devotion through compassion. It is as though they sensed that these consequences might prove somewhat troublesome. And so indeed they are. The ethics of devotion through compassion no longer has the character of a law which we should like to continue to attribute to it. It no longer involves clearly established and clearly formulated commandments. It is fundamentally subjective, because it leaves to each one of us the responsibility of deciding how far he shall go in devotion.

Not only does the ethics of devotion cease to prescribe in a precise fashion; it becomes by degrees less disposed to confine itself to the realm of the possible, as the law must do. It is constantly obliging us to attempt the impossible, to push devotion to the point of compromising our very existence. In the dreadful times which we have lived through many such situations arose, and many were those who sacrificed themselves for others. Even in everyday life the ethics of devotion, if it does not go to the length of demanding this ultimate sacrifice, often requires each one of us to abdicate interests, and to give up advantages out of regard for others. But too often we manage to silence our conscience, which is the guardian of our sense of responsibility. How many are the conflicts in which the ethics of devotion abandons us to ourselves. Those who manage enterprises rarely have occasion to congratulate themselves on having, out of compassion, given employment to someone who urgently needed it instead of entrusting it to the most qualified. But woe to them if they should believe themselves warranted by experiences of this kind never again to take heed of the argument of compassion.

There is a final consequence to be drawn from the principle of devotion: it no longer allows us to concern ourselves solely with human beings, but obliges us to act in the same way toward all living beings whose fate may be influenced by us. They too are our fellow creatures by the fact they experience as we do an aspiration to happiness, as well as fear and suffering, and like us dread annihilation.

The man who has preserved his sensibility intact finds it altogether natural to have pity for all living beings. Why can philosophy not make up its mind to recognize that our behavior toward them must form an integral part of the ethics which it teaches? The reason is quite simple. Philosophy fears, and rightly so, that this immense enlargement of the circle of our responsibilities will deprive ethics of the slight hope it still has of being able to formulate commandments in a way that is at all reasonable and satisfying. Indeed, concern with the fate of all the beings with whom we have to deal creates even more numerous and more troublesome conflicts for us than those of devotion limited to human beings. In respect to creatures we find ourselves constantly in situations which oblige us to cause suffering and to impair life. The peasant cannot let all the animals born in his flock survive; he can keep only those he can feed and which it will pay him to raise. In many cases we even face the necessity of sacrificing lives to save others. A man who picks up a stray bird finds himself obliged to kill insects or fish to feed it. In acting thus he is completely in the realm of the arbitrary. By what right does he sacrifice many lives in order to save a single life? In exterminating animals which he regards as harmful in order to protect others he likewise falls into the realm of the arbitrary.

IT IS, therefore, incumbent upon each one of us to judge whether we find ourselves under the unavoidable necessity of inflicting suffering and of killing, and to resign ourselves to becoming guilty by necessity. As for forgiveness, we must seek it by missing no opportunity to succor living beings. How much better off we should be if men would reflect on the kindness which they owe to creatures and would abstain from all the harm they do them through heedlessness. The fight against the inhuman traditions and the inhuman feelings which are still current in our day is one which our civilization must wage, if we have any concern for our self-respect.

Among the inhuman customs which our civilization and our sentiment owe it to themselves no longer to tolerate I cannot refrain from naming two: bullfighting, with the kill, and stag-hunting. Thus it is the require-

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ment of compassion toward all living beings which makes ethics as complete as it must be.

THERE has been another great change in the situation of ethics: it is today no longer able to count on the support of a conception of the world which can serve as its justification.

At all times it has been convinced that it was merely exacting the behavior conforming to the knowledge of the true nature of the universal will which manifests itself in creation. This is the conviction on which not only religion but also the rationalist philosophy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are based. But it so happens that the conception of the world which ethics can invoke is the result of the interpretation of the very world to which ethics has offered, and still offers, itself. It attributes to the universal will qualities and intentions which give satisfaction to its own way of feeling and of judging. But in the course of the nineteenth century the research which allowed itself to be guided solely by concern for truth was bound to surrender to the evidence that ethics can expect nothing from a true knowledge of the world. The progress of science consists in an increasingly precise observation of the processes of nature. These allow us to harness the energies manifesting themselves in the universe to our own uses. But they oblige us at the same time increasingly to give up any attempt to understand its intentions. The world offers us the disconcerting spectacle of the will to life in conflict with itself. One existence maintains itself at the expense of another.

How can the ethics of devotion maintain itself without being sustained by a notion of the world which justifies it? It seems destined to founder in skepticism. This, however, is not the fate to which it is dedicated. In its beginnings ethics had to appeal to a conception of the world which would satisfy it. Having arrived at the knowledge that its fundamental principle is devotion, it becomes fully conscious of itself and thereby becomes autonomous.

We are in a position to understand its origins and its basis by meditating on the world and on ourselves.

We lack a complete and satisfying knowledge of the world. We are reduced to the simple observation that everything in it is life, like ourselves, and that all life is mystery. Our true knowledge of the world consists in being penetrated by the mystery of existence and of life. This mystery becomes only more mysterious as scientific research progresses. Being penetrated by the mystery of life corresponds to what in the language of mysticism is called "learned ignorance," which at least has knowledge of the essential.

The immediate datum of our consciousness, to which we come back each time we desire to achieve an understanding of ourselves and of our situation in the world, is: I am life which wants to live, surrounded by life which wants to live.

Being will-to-life, I feel the obligation to respect all will-to-life about me as equal to my own.

The fundamental idea of good is thus that it consists in preserving life, in favoring it, in wanting to bring it to its highest value, and evil consists in destroying life, doing it injury, hindering its development.

The principle of this veneration of life corresponds to that of love, as it has been discovered by religion and philosophy which sought to understand the fundamental notion of good.

The term "respect for life" is broader and because of this more colorless than that of love. But it bears the same energies within it.

This essentially philosophical notion of good has also the advantage of being more complete than that of love. Love includes only our obligation toward other beings, but not those toward ourselves. One cannot deduce from it, for example, the quality of veracity, a primordial quality of the ethical personality along with that of compassion. The respect which man owes to his own life imposes upon him that he be faithful to himself by renouncing every kind of dissimulation to which he might be tempted to resort in a given circumstance.

THROUGH respect for life we enter into a spiritual relationship with the world. All the efforts undertaken by philosophy which built up grandiose systems to bring us into relation with the Absolute have remained vain. The Absolute is so abstract in character that we cannot communicate with it. It is not given to us to put ourselves at the disposal of the infinite and inscrutable creative will which is the basis of all existence, by having an understanding of its nature and its intentions. But we enter into spiritual relationship with it by feeling ourselves under the impression of the mystery of life and by devoting ourselves to all the living beings whom we have the occasion and the power to serve. The ethics which obliges us solely to concern ourselves with men and society cannot have this meaning. Only that which is universal in obliging us to concern ourselves with all beings brings us truly into relationship with the Universe and the will which manifests itself in it.

In the world the will-to-life is in conflict with itself. In us, through a mystery which we do not understand, it wishes to be at peace with itself. In the world it manifests itself, in us it reveals itself. It reveals to us, among other things, that the world is our spiritual destiny. By conforming to it we live our existence instead of submitting to it. Through respect for life we become pious in an elementary, deep, and living sense.

How Much Blue?

By Amy Bonner

How much blue does it take to make
a summer's day
(Not counting the sky like an old
friend,
Filling the dome of space without
visible end;
Or a guardian, rather, upon whom
we depend,
Who hovers near and never draws
away.)?

I mean those sudden flashes of
larkspur blue
Whose memory is beauty twice
revealed.
I saw one break into view
At the edge of a wide New Hampshire
field,
Rising straight against heaven, row
on row,
Delphinium shapes hung on every
spear;
Petals, fragile as moth's powdered
wing,
Lapis lazuli, sapphire and indigo,
Turquoise. A whirring wing was only
a sound to hear;
A dipping bluebird beside it a lost
thing;
Ultramarine on cobalt with no bird
to see.
Reflected sky, a bed of blue larkspur
I saw.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Mr. Brink, in "On Borrowed Time," by Paul Osborn. 2. Sherlock Holmes, in "The Musgrave Ritual," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 3. "The Dinkey-Bird," by Eugene Field. 4. Midge, in "The Apple Tree" (from "Kiss Me Again, Stranger"), by Daphne du Maurier. 5. Mr. Robinson, in "The Swiss Family Robinson," by Johann Wyss. 6. Dolly Talbo, in "The Grass Harp," by Truman Capote. 7. Rima, in "Green Mansions," by W. H. Hudson. 8. "Ethan Frome," by Edith Wharton. 9. Georg Znaeym and Ulrich von Gradwitz, in "The Interlopers," by Saki. 10. Orlando, in "As You Like It," by William Shakespeare.

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(*Continued on page 50*)

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(Continued from page 49)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

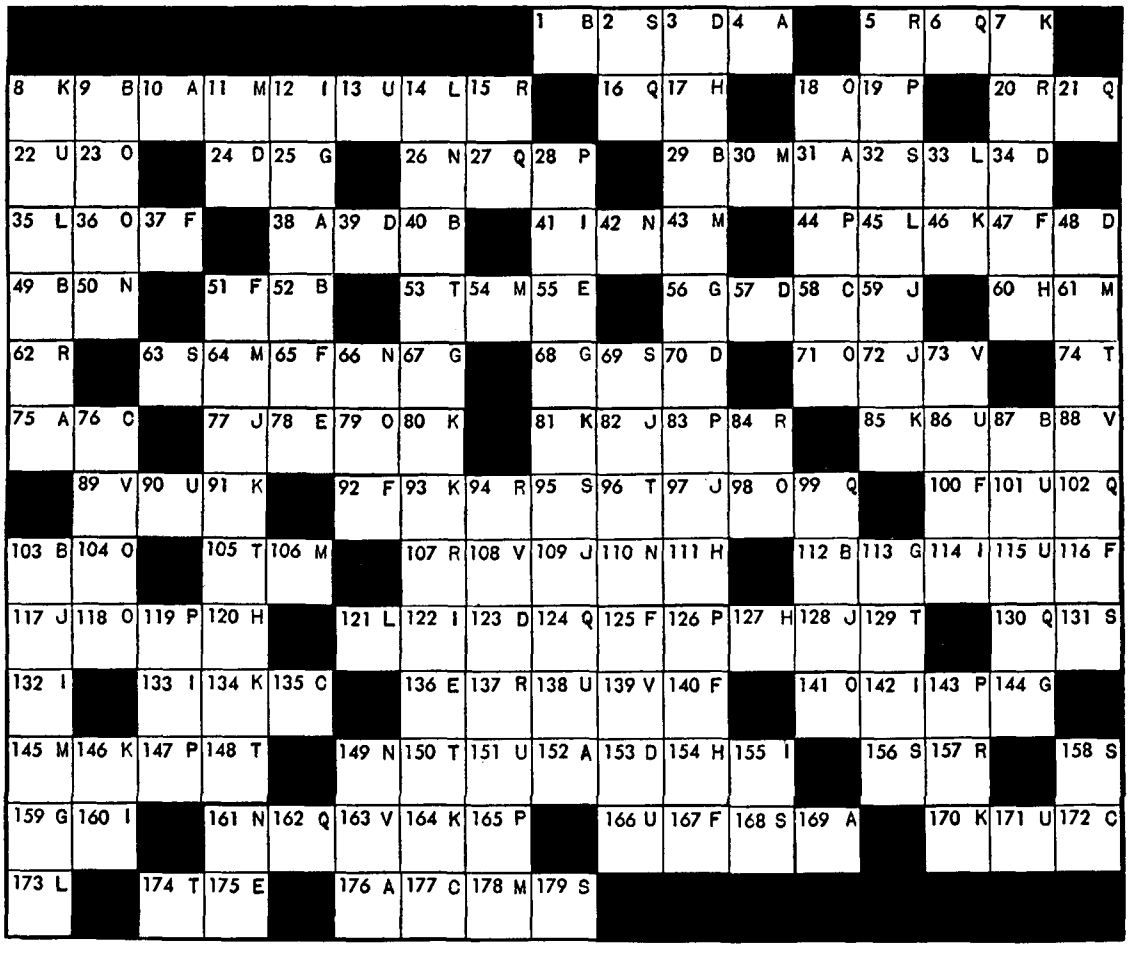
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Given name, Kemal Atatürk.	31 152 38 169 4 10 176 75
B. Abundant supply.	1 29 52 103 9 40 49 112 87
C. Having tonal quality like certain orchestral instruments; often said of a singing voice.	58 177 135 172 76
D. Art of gesture.	153 39 48 70 24 3 57 123 34
E. Eponymous ancestor of the Hittites.	136 55 175 78
F. One of the several ways of fastening a rope to a spar, spile, etc. (2 wds.).	100 125 51 65 140 47 116 37 92 167
G. To pour off or throw away from (comp.).	113 68 25 56 159 144 67
H. Pitted.	60 127 17 111 154 120
I. Moderated sound, color, or manner (2 wds.)	133 12 142 160 155 132 122 41 114
J. Describing the first ring a girl goes for.	59 82 128 77 72 97 117 109
K. A popular plan for pair play in duplicate bridge (2 wds.).	134 146 85 164 93 81 7 80 8 46 91 170

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. In rhetoric, a digression introducing another person's words in direct discourse.	14 121 35 45 33 173
M. Breed of U.S. hogs, or British sheep; an English county, a "new" U.S. state.	61 30 145 11 43 54 64 178 106
N. Extravagant or violent misdoing.	161 110 26 149 42 50 66
O. Not called in question; indubitable.	118 98 23 141 36 18 71 79 104
P. Relationship.	165 28 83 19 147 119 44 143 126
Q. One thing you must write on every bank check you draw, or cash.	130 102 16 21 99 162 6 124 27
R. Describing birds with palmate feet (comp.).	5 94 107 20 137 157 84 62 15
S. Pompous; high-sounding.	168 63 156 32 179 69 2 95 131 158
T. Under obligation for something received.	174 96 129 150 105 53 148 74
U. Millennial.	166 86 101 138 13 171 22 151 115 90
V. Sitting; esp. of statues.	139 108 163 73 88 89

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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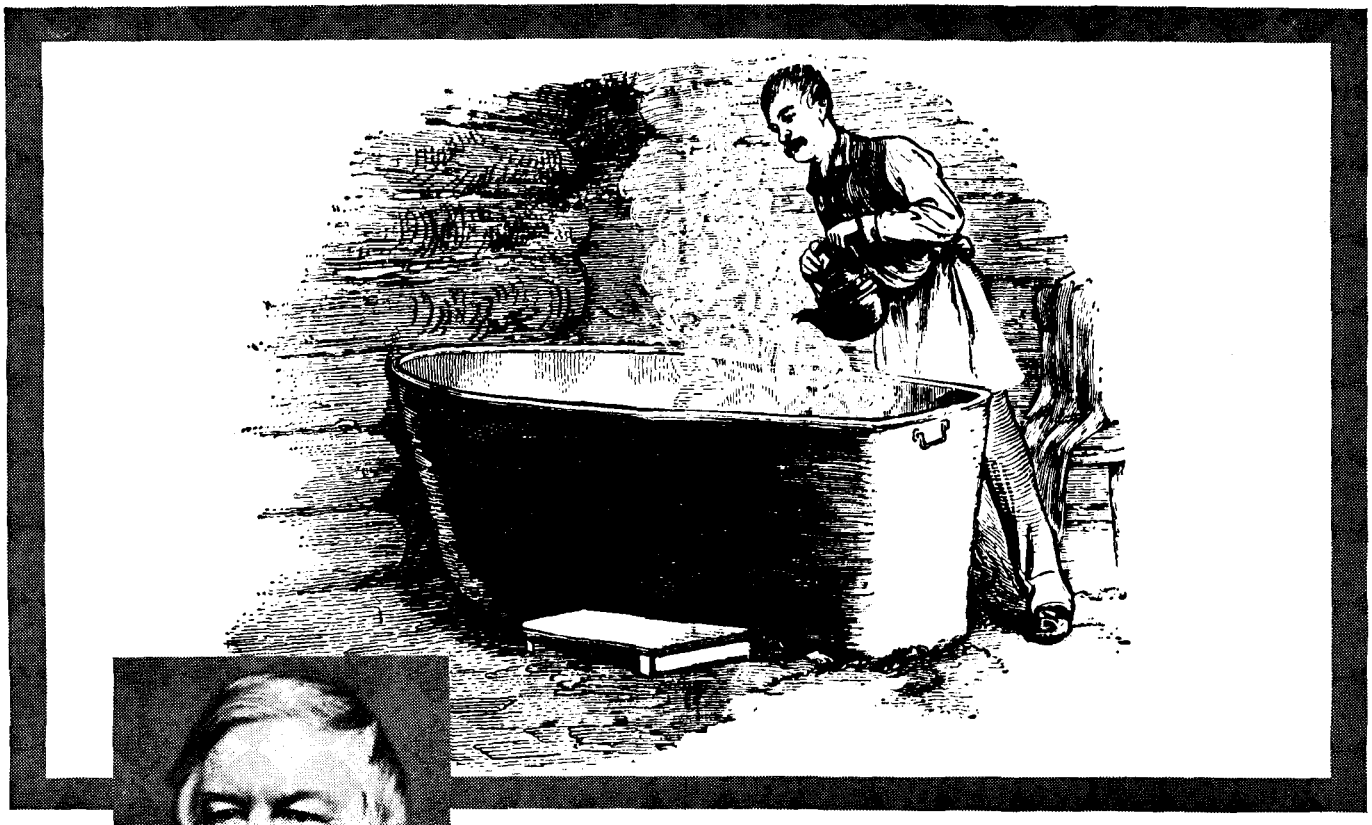

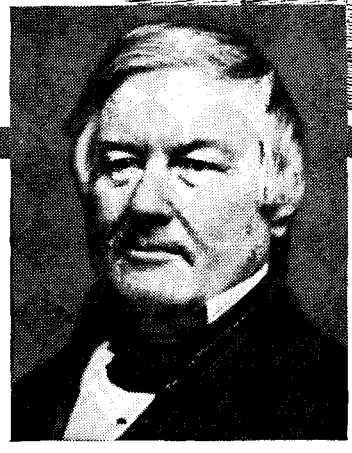

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